w. 191.

3.9.5

30

FIDELES AQUÆ:

Or some

Pious Tears

Dropped upon the

HEARSE

Of the Incomparable Gentlewoman

Mrs. SARAH GILLY,

The only Daughter of the Loyal and Worthy Gentleman

MATTHEW GILLY Esq;

Together with some Elegies upon the Grave, and Religious Matron Her

GRANDMOTHER,

The Courteous and Ingenious Gentleman Her

BROTHER.

By *Henry Woolnough.*

Naturæ imperio gemimus cum funus adultæ Virginis occurrit

LONDON
Printed for *A. Crook* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paules* Church-yard 1661.

For my honord friend
Mr Thomas Lyr.

1077.d.36.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

8 N 4 9

To the Worſhipfull, and my much Honourd Kinſ-man, MATTHEW GILLY Eſq.

SIR,

HAd not a Journey to Oxon unhappily diverted me, I had returned you your papers; and had not a buſineſs of great Concern intervened (contrary both to my Expectation, and yours) I had preſented you with ſome Eſſayes upon an other Subject.

In the meantime I make bold to divert your thoughts, or (if you please) to entertain them on a Better theam: while I conduct you into the House of Mourning, and shew you, though not the Corps of Cæsar, *nor the Urne of* Scipio, *nor the Trunke of* Pompey, *nor any of those deified Heroes (whose Bodies, with their Shrines are long since fallen into Dust and Ruine) yet the Remains and Reliques of as great a Beauty, of as Vertuous a Lady as ever lived upon Earth, or did honour to that Noble Sex.*

Nor may you wonder at your entertainment, or think

strange

strange of the Service: which is no other than what a Worthy Gentleman gave St. Augustine, *and his Mother, especially if we consider the little difference the Good Father saw between* Cæsars *Body and the neighbouring* Skeletons: *for the* Wormes *knew not that he was Thrice* Dictator, *nor regarded the* Tissue, *nor reverenced the Marble: and if it please you to consult your Welcome, you will find it such as the Romans every day entertained their Guests with: only with this advantage, that the Dish is made up of that which you loved best.*

Sr. I know very well that such sights, and spectacles as this is, are very grevious and terrible to Humane Nature; Naturæ imperio Gemimus cum funus adultæ virginis occurrit, *said the Heathen Poet; not only as they represent to our Eyes, and senses the Squallor, and horrour, fædities, and deformities, neglects, and hard usages of our dead Friends, and Allies; but as they put us in mind of our own frailty, and give us a prospect of our Graves, and anticipate our Funerals.*

'Twas a devout Exclamation that of the Son of Syrach, *and very Canonical, O Death! how bitter*

bitter is the Remembrance of Thee to a Man that liveth at reſt in his Poſſeſſions. So that a Subject of this Nature, I fear will be rather troubleſome, and offenſive to you, then pleaſant, and acceptable; and you will think me impertinent, and call me Buſie-body, and ſay I was an Idle Stripling. For if the Emperour ſaid that he was not at leaſure to hear a diſcourſe of happineſs; (when its the voice of all Men, facut fruamur Bono!) *much leſs can I expect that you will ſpare ſo much Time as to peruſe a Subject of Humane Frailty, and infirmity.*

But when I remember what the Wise King said, that it is better to go to the House of Mourning, then to the House of Feasting, (for the one will make us Sober, and Serious, Pious, and Devout: the other Light, and Frothy, Wanton, and Gay:) and when I read what an Excellent Repast St. Macarius *made of a Scull (which however drie, fruitlesse, and insipid in it self, yet like the Lyons Carkass afforded honey and sweetness to the Good Father:) I am not much solicitous (may I serve God and Religion) whither I merit your Encomium and applause (and yet I professe 'tis all the*

the Guerdon, and Reward I expect;) or whither (like the bodies I am now ſpeaking of,) I be clothed with diſhonour, ſhame, and ignominy.

But though I would willingly have the preſent Spectacle miniſter to Piety, and the moſt ſerious Thoughts; yet by no means would I have it be an Inſtrument of Melancholy, and paſſion.

I am not ignorant Sir, that Men of Noble, and Gallant Spirits, (able to repell an Injury, to conqer an Incivility by not taking Notice of it) have been Strangely tranſported with Paſſion upon the Death of

their

their Friends. If we may believe Curtius (*who was ever esteemed a very ſober Writer*) *the Great* Alexander *wept* (*like a Child*) *upon the death of* Epheſtion; Triduum jacuit ad moriendum obſtinatus, *ſaith the Hiſtorian; ſo true is that of the Poet* Major eſt qui ſe quam qui fortiſſima vincit mœnia: *and He who was never daunted by* Hectors *Vallour, or his Aſſociats fury, when the news was brought him of the death of* Patroclus, *it is then ſaid* Τὸν δ' ἄκεος νεφέλη ἐκάλυψε μελαίνα, *Iliad. 6. 6. that ſorrow like a thick Cloud ſat upon his Countenance, and he was very much troubled.*

And

And indeed I cannot but in reaſon expect that you ſhould be affected, now I am ſhewing you the picture, and commemorating the Virtues of this Excellent Gentlewoman. I know ſhe was nearly related to you, you had both the ſame bloud running in your Veines, and verily ſhe did much reſemble you, ſic oculos, ſic illa manus, ſic ora ferebat: *and how much ſhe had obliged you by her Wiſe, and dutifull Carriage, I am very ſenſible.*

Ingenuouſly *Sir, when I reflect upon theſe two laſt years, and take notice of the many ſad Accidents that have befallen*

len you in ſo ſhort a Revolution; I am apt to think that God Almighty had intended to make Tryal of you as He did of the Famous Uzzite, but that he hath ſpared your Eſtate, and left you a Son; and while you have thoſe Riches, and this Jewel, Patient you may be indeed, but poor you cannot.

It was not the leaſt part of your unhappineſs to follow your Daughter to her Grave; A Gentlewoman whom you tenderly loved, as indeed you had Reaſon: but ſcarce had you wiped your eyes, and put off your mourning, when God was pleaſed to deprive you of that Excellent Pi-

ous

ous and Religious Matron your Mother, the Guide of your Family, and an exemplar of all Virtues, both Moral and Divine: nor had you taken your laſt Farewell of your dear mother before the ſame hand was pleaſed to take from you your Eldeſt Son, a Perſon of great hopes, and early expectations; yea as if your loſſes had as yet been but little, and inconſiderable, not many Moneths after your Brother, your only Brother did bid adieu to the World; and how deeply you were affected (as indeed you had reaſon) with every of theſe

Pro-

Providences I am not ignorant.

And for this cauſe only was it Sir, that I deferred ſo long the doing of my Duty to you, and your Daughter, to tell the World how rare a Jewel She had loſt, and your Self how ſweet a Relation; for I knew very well (notwithſtanding the good Government which you alwayes maintained over your paſſions (which you knew how to Moderate and Confine as well as any Man) you could not chooſe but be much affected, as with the untimely Fate that attended your Daughter, ſo with any thing that doth remind you of that Beauty, and Piety, Ingenuity

genuity and Modesty that were so Illustrious in Her.

Besides I was no Stranger to the Strength and Power of Poetry, or to the effects that it hath wrought in the minds of Men; I knew how apt it is to excite Passion, to stir up the affections: not that I think my Self Master of so much Ingenuity, nor is my Phancy so high, and elevated, my expression so sweet, and Elaborate as to provoke such resentments as these in any one: yet its possible a duller aire, and a little Phancy meeting with a mind lately possessed, and infested with Sorrow, and Melancholy, may be guilty of such a mischance.

A

A little ſtirring will make the fire burn, that is couched in the ſcinders, and a ſmall matter will make the Feaver return that is ſtill hanging about the skirts of the body.

So that I was reſolved for ſome time not only to defer my bringing theſe papers to light, but for ever to condemn them to ſilence, and oblivion.

But then when I conſidered that it was now above two years ſince her deceaſe, and experience told me how ſoon Time wore out the deepeſt impreſſions in Marble, and that I could not abſolve my ſelf either from my own vow, or your obligations any

o-

other Way then this; with all that you were a Person of so great Prudence, and Piety, so free from all transports of Passion (which are Foolish, and Feminine, not becoming a Man, much less a Philosopher) and yet so sensible upon all occasions of the hand of God that you know how to separate the Circumstance from the Subject, the occasion from the Person, and so to remember God, and your self reason and Religion, as to forget all that which might Minister to melancholy, and Impatience, anger, and Discontent: I took the confidence to prosecute my former

intentions, and to redeem these papers from oblivion, and do now with much humility, and devotion present them to you.

Nor would it be impertinent to tell you that when I first proposed this business to my self, I did not question but before I could have finished it, you would have found out a person every way worthy of your love and complacency, that would have amply supply-d, (and in another manner) the absence of this Gentlewoman: for as Women are the best Amulets against sorrow, and melancholy, so a good Wife is a Catholicon.

And then I knew such a trifle as this would have been very seasonable

ſonable, and profitable (like a bunche of Mirrhe in a Goblet of Wine) it would have qualified, & allayed that mirth and jollity that at ſuch a time is apt to boyle up, into froth, and vanity; and have tacitely adviſed you not to ſuffer your Affections too much to run out upon ſuch a pretty red, and white trifle as beauty is, leaſt you be diſappointed as heretofore.

Not Sir, as if I had ſo little reſpect for that ſweet, and obliging Gentleman your Son, and my dear Coſin, as that I ſhould wiſh him a Mother in law: a name as deadly as poyſon,

Lurida Terribiles miſcent acconita novercæ:

But do only tell you what my

thoughts, and apprehenſions were, conſidering your age, and complexion, and do hereby excuſe my own ſilence, and neglect, not in the leaſt pretend to adviſe and inſtruct you.

For as you are a Perſon of great wiſdom, and experience, capable of being your own, and anothers Councellour: ſo (confident I am) would you pleaſe to be more converſant with that Excellent perſon, you would find all the comforts that you ſeem to have loſt by the death of your relations united, and reſtored in him: A perſon ſo ſtudious, and ingenious, ſo noble, and courteous, much a man, and much a Gentleman,

man, that we have great hopes he will be the ſtaffe of your Age, and the Crown of your Family.

And now Sir I beg your pardon for this bold attempt, and pray you to ſuffer this poor Muſe of mine to ſhrowd her ſelf under your Patronage. It was her folly not long ſince to be gadding abroad in the World, ſome ſay ſhe was at the falling of the Arke, others at the baſtinadoing of the Aſſe, others at the bonfire of the Covenant; but were ever ſhe was it was her fortune to meet with very poor entertainment: ſo inhoſpitable and cenſorious is the preſent Age that he that appears in print had need have a

gray

gray Beard, *and the best Li-*
cense.

But if you shall please to ac-
knowledge her, if you will so much
condescend as to take notice o
her in the crowde (if not for her
sake, *yet for the persons sak*
whose Funerals she doth solem
nise) if you will but vouchsaf
her a smile, she will hold up he
head, and walk *the streets, an*
contemn Momus, *and* laugh a
the peevish Girle that frowne
and is vexed to see her Lackey
and be officious to any one beside
her self.

Sir I only beg your acceptan
of this poor present, how litt
an

and Inconſiderable God knowes! But ſo we poor honeſt ſouls (in token of our homage and reſpect) preſent our Landlords, and Benefactors with an aple or a cake, or ſome ſuch trifle, and inconſiderable, and they are ſo noble, and ingenious as to accept of it, as if it were a jewel, or a purſe of Gold.

But what need I to queſtion (noble Sir) your acceptance of this ſmall Donary? I am not ſo much a ſtranger to your wonted clemency as to be ignorant that you have received as little a preſent with a great many thanks; neither am I ſo unacquainted with your prudence and wiſdome, but that

I as well know you do not value a gift by the weight and measure the extrinsick worth and estimation, but by the love and friendship, respect and sincerity of the Donor. In confidence of this it was, that I was bold to present you with these Papers; and in hope and expectation of the same I Subscribe my Self, Worthy Sir,

Your most humble

Servant,

Henry Woolnough.

THE EPISTLE To the READER:

Containing ſome Brief Reflections on the Worth and Vertue of the Excellent Gentlewoman, Miſtreſſe SARAH GILLY.

Courteous Reader,

THE Gentlewoman whoſe *Vertues* I have *celebrated* in theſe enſuing Papers, and to whoſe *Memory* I have

have devoted this little *monument* (how rude and unpolliſhed God knows!) was a *perſon* every way worthy of my beſt *Encomiums*, and thy *Chriſtian Imitation*. It pleaſed God to take her away in the *flower* of her *age*, ſhe had not *arrived* to her third *Clymacterical*, the *flower* was ſcarce *blown*, before it was *blaſted*: how much to the *grief* and *trouble* of her *Friends*, and *Relations*, you may eaſily conjecture.

And yet if we *remember* the darkneſſe of that day wherein ſhe expired, and the judgments that did then ſeem (like *Damocles* his ſword) to hang over our *heads*; by reaſon of our *ſins* and *enormities*, our *murders* and *blaſphemies*, *rebellions* and *perjuries*, *ſacriledge* and *ſchiſmes*, *cruelties* and *oppreſſions*: every one of which did *Cœlum invocare*

vocare, cry night and day to *Heaven* for *vengeance*, and a juſt reward: we cannot but look upon it as a great *favour* of Almighty God *vouchſafed* to her (ſomething like that to *Noah* and *Lot*) that it *would pleaſe him to take her to himſelf*, and no longer to ſuffer her *Righteous Soul* to be grieved for the ſins and ſorrows of her *Native Country*.

In iſto anno & horribili, & mirabili,

In the Year 1659 when there was neither *King*, *Prieſt*, nor *Prophet*, nothing of *Order* or *Government*, *Law* or *good Diſcipline*, (at leaſt in their *due Exerciſe* and *Adminiſtration*) in *Church* or *State*; but all things *Civil* and *Sacred* were proſtituted to the contempt and ſcorne of the *Frantick Multitude*;

ſo that *England* was become a *Chaos* of *Diſorder*, *Ataxy* and *Confuſion:*

In thoſe *dayes*, *dayes* ſhall I call them? or rather *nights*; For the *Britiſh Sun* was baniſhed our *Horizon*, and all the leſſer *Planets* were extinct, and obſcur'd; when our lives and fortunes, liberties and conſciences were at the *command* of a proud *Janizary*, or inſolent *Souldier*, whoſe only *Arguments* were *ſwords* and *daggers*, and *Rhetorick*, *God damme:* in that year it was and in the beginning of thoſe *confuſions* that God was pleaſed to take her out of the *World*; Then when there were ſo many *Changes* did ſhe undergo her *great Change*; and I doubt not but that the *Mercifull* God intended her *Good*, by the *One*, as he did this *Nations* by the *Other*.

Though

Though I was acquainted with *Her*, and had the *Honour* (for ſo I eſteem'd it) to be related to *Her*, beſides thoſe many *Favours* which I ever and anon received at *Her Hands*: every one of which was an *Obligation* on my part to *Love* and *Honour* Her, yet am I not in the leaſt guilty of Partiality, and Flattery. I am ſure all that knew Her will be my *Compurgators* in this, and if I have erred, it is rather in ſaying too little, than too much: nor could I eaſily be guilty of an exceſſe, while Her own *Virtues* ſecured me as it were from this *Danger*; She being a *Gentlewoman*, (*Sans Hyperbole*) every way ſo compleat, and *Handſom*, that the higheſt *encomiums* fall far ſhort of Her due merits, and only imply my *Gratitude*, not at all promote Her *Honour*.

But before I proceed any farther, me thinks I could ſit down and ſpeak the reſt in *Tears:* when I conſider how *Rare* a *Perſon* we have *Loſt*, an Example of all *Graces* both *Moral* and *Divine*: and when I have eaſed my Heart with *Weeping*, then ſit, and Sigh, to think that She ſhould leave ſo *Unworthy* a Friend behind her (as my Self) to write Her *Epitapth.*

Nor indeed can any *Perſon* blame Me for being too Paſſionate and Sorrowfull: for if any Man might obtain a Licenſe, or Diſpenſation for an Exceſſe *I* think *I* might.

And are we not all apt to be affected with the *Mortality* of our *Friends*? and the Dearer the *Perſon* was to us, the greater is our *Grief*. Nor can I blame the *Woman* that I ſaw the other day ſit weeping

ing over the *Turfe* of Her Child, or think her the more excuſable becauſe ſhe was a Woman.

He is no *Man*, at leaſt hath no *Humanity* in him that is not moved at the *Diſſolution* of his friend; *Non ſentire mala non eſt hominis*, ſaid the *Stoick* of Old: for then Death treads as it were upon our Heels, and entereth into our *Houſes*, and divideth with us, and the Feaver getteth away a piece of our Bowels, and the Ague robbeth us of the Delight of our eyes, and that which was but a ſigh diſſolveth into a Tear, and we chide our Stars, and tear our Locks, and cloth our ſelves in Sackcloth.

For my part I can never read the Story of *Hero*, and *Leander*, nor hear *Orpheus* bemoaning the abſence of his Beloved *Æuridice*, but I am grieved, and troubled: and

when the Poet tells me how kind *Niobe* wept her *Self* into a *Stone* for the losse of her *Children*, and how Pathetically *Hercules* bewailed the sad *Accident* that befell poor *Hylas*, then am I carried away with a *Torrent*, both of *Eloquence*, and *Tears*: So powerfull and Potent, is the *Passion* of *Grief*; so easie, and Accomodated to Humane *Nature*, that we are very apt to shew it at all times, though the occasion be but some Triflle, or Fiction.

But when I see St. *Ambrose* lamenting his *Brothers* Death (with an *An ego possum non cogitare de te, aut sine Lachrimis cogitare ?*) and when I read, how *Nazianzen* laid to heart, the Death of the *Noble Pulcheria*. And how bitterly St. *Augustine* wept for the Good *Monica*; then am I so far from chiding my self, for so doing, that I think it

it my Duty, to be ſorrowfull, and a Debt that *Nature*, and *Religion* requires of me.

When good Men, or Women dye; *Perſons*, ſerviceable to their King, and Country, or likely ſo to be; he is no Good Commonwealths-man, that is not affected with it: and when it pleaſeth God, to take away a Friend, or Relation from any of us, he is a pittifull Kinſ-man, but a ſorry friend, that cannot ſhed a Tear.

But what need I ſpeak ſo much to Vindicate my own Sorrow? when it is ſo far from being a crime, I am confident, that it paſſeth for a Virtue, in the opinion of Wiſe-men. Extravagancy, and exceſſe, is Venial in a Mourner; Thriftyneſs, and Frugality baſe; and I had rather talk loud, then hold my peace; unleſſe my ſilence, might argue a bigger ſorrow.

But

But by that time I have told you how great a loſs I have ſuſtained (and indeed all worthy Perſons) by the untimely death of this Excellent Gentlewoman; how exemplary ſhe was in every Virtue, and Good work; you will not at all wonder, either at the Manner, or Matter of my diſcourſe; or will grudge her an Epe-
=taph ~~thee~~, but will ſay I might have ſpared my Apology, and have been more large in the Panegyrick.

And now, were I to draw the Portraicture of an Excellent Perſon, and then to preſent it, to a Colledge of Ladies, there to be hung up as a *Monument* both of *Beauty*, and *Virtue*, I would not like ſome *Painters* (both Antient, and Modern) go a begging from one Lady, to another, ſnatch an eye from one, a lip from a ſecond, a Bluſh from a Third, a Lock from a fourth, a hand from

from a Fift, and then unite and reſtore them in one Draught, and Picture; or if Nature could not ſupply me with Pieces *Rare* enough of this Kind, I would ſcorn to be beholding to the Plants, and inanimate Creatures, whither Pearls or Metals, Cherries or Flowers (whoſe greateſt Excellencies are but ſeeming, and Apparent; not real, and Inate:) while in the mean time the *Beauty* of the mind, and *Elegancies* of the better part, remain untouched, and are *ultra penecillum:* but with as much eaſe, and to as great Satisfaction, I would have preſented them, with the Picture, and true *Character* of this young Gentlewoman: who while living, was an example of all *Humane* Excellencies and Perfections, but is now a Monument of Frailty, and Corruption.

For

For if Beauty be one of the fairest Flowers in the Garden of nature; if it is so commanding and infascinating a thing, as the Poets tell us, and our own experience doth acknowledge; if there is such a lustre, and divinity, in the faces of some women, that it dazleth the eyes of those that look upon it, and oftentimes quite putteth them out; then was this Gentlewoman worthy of our greatest Praises, and Elogies, Honour, and Veneration. Shall I say she was the Darling of Nature,? the Masterpiece of Beauty, the Architype of all perfections?

O I can never forget the pleasant, and yet modest glances of those *Eyes!* the smiling and yet serious composure of that *Countenance*! the grave and yet unaffected gesture of that *Body!*

Ob

Ob talem uxorem, cui præſtantiſſima forma;
Nil mortale refert, ſuperiſque ſimillima divis.

As the blind Poet ſung in his praiſe of *Hellen*: Nor was her ſoul leſſe beautiful, then her body; but as if Grace had contended with nature, and had both ſtrove, which ſhould be moſt curious, and exact in their productions, ſhe was imbelliſhed and adorned with all excellent *vertues* and *qualifications*.

Beautiful and *Vertuous*? two accidents (if I may ſo call them?) ſeldom predicated of the ſame ſubject; and if I ſhould tell you, that ſhe was alſo Humble, it would much increaſe the wonder.

Never is beauty more amiable, then when She goes in a careleſſe garbe

garbe: nor is vertue evermore taking, and obliging, than when ſhe appears ſimple, and naked, plain and open, free from all thoſe artifices, and ſubtilties, in which her counterfit, masks, and diſguiſeth its ſelf, when it comes abroad into the World.

But becauſe We cannot take the *meaſure* of our *loſſe*, any Way better then by *Reflecting* upon thoſe *Graces*, *Natural*, *Moral*, and *Chriſtian*, for which ſhe was *Eminent* and *Illuſtrious*; Give me leave to *Enumerate* them, with as much *Modeſty*, and *Brevity*, as may be. Should I *trace* her from the *lap* of her *Mother*, to her *Death bed*; from her entring the *Stage* of this World to her going off; ſhould I ſtrictly *examine* the whole *courſe* of her life, ſure I am, I could find *nothing* but what was *innocent*, and *harmleſſe*, *ingenious*

genious, and *commendable*. When ſhe was but an *Infant*, and Her ſoul was in the *Bud*, before ever the *Organs* of her body were diſpoſed for *Operation*, or ſhe was able to *expreſſe* her reſentments of things any other *Way*, then by *Tears* or *Smiles*; yet then did ſhe promiſe much: So *ſweet* and *amiable* was her countenance; ſo *patient* and *towardly* its deportment.

But when ſhe was grown up and began to take *notice* of things, and to *converſe* with ſuch as her ſelf, and had laid aſide her *cradle*, and *truckling-ſtool* as beggarly Elements: he had not halfe an *eye*, that could not diſcerne a *quick wit*, and a *ſweet nature*, a *profound judgment*, and an *excellent memory*, and every thing that was *deſirable*, in a *perſon* of thoſe *proportions*.

And yet when She came to years

to years of *Diſcretion*, and began to put forth, and make *known* Her ſelf, either in *Diſcourſe* or *Writing*, or ſome other way, ſhe did much *Anticipate* the *Hopes*, and *Expectations* of her Friends (which yet were very great) performing much more, then ſhe ever promiſed, as I am ſure, all that knew her can atteſt.

I ſhall ſay this, and let all that knew her ſay, whither it be not true; I never ſaw more of wiſdom and diſcretion, majeſty and modeſty, piety and affability in any perſon of her Sex and Years; beſides every of thoſe other prettineſſes, and beauties, which in moſt ample, and liberal manner, God had beſtowed upon her: ſome few of which would have been a compleat portion, and (as the Market is now) would have made a compleat Miſtreſſe.

Shee

She was free from all that *Levity* and *Inconſtancy*, *pride* and *inſolency*, *touchyneſſe* and *petulancy*, *fondneſſe* and *credulity*, that like *Leven* hath mingled it ſelf with the beſt *diſpoſitions* of that *Sex*, and is by *cuſtome* and *intereſt* adopted into a *Virtue*.

Though ſhe was a great *fortune* (for ſhe was the only daughter of a *Gentleman* of a very good eſtate) alſo of a *good Family* (for ſo her *Eſcutcheon* ſpeaks her) which I mention only in courſe, being no part of her real *worth*,

Nam Genus, & pro avos, & quæ non
fecimus ipſi,
Vix ea noſtra voco:

yet ſhe had nothing of *pride* and *oſtentation*: ſo obliging, and affable was ſhe in her carriage, ſo

free and *familiar* in her *diſcourſe*, ſo *eaſy* and *gentle* in her *commands*, (which were not *imperious*, *rigid*, and *dictatorian*, but *facile*, *plain*, and *reaſonable*) that ſhe was very much beloved by all her *Relations*, highly reſpected by her *Neighbours* and out of meaſure lamented by her *Servants*.

Need I to *mention* her *piety* and *devotion* to God? (which ſhe ever *minded* in the firſt place) not only the *Temple*, but the *Cloſſet* was *conſcious* to her prayers (which were not long, *confuſed*, and *impertinent*, but *ſhort*, *frequent*, and *applicable* to her *preſent* needs) her *duty*, and *reſpect* to her *parents*, her *Father*, and that eminently pious Matron her *Grandmother*, To whoſe good *Diſcipline*, and *inſtruction*, we may attribute much of her *piety*, and *civility*? her *charity* to the *poor*, and

(*O God how liberal*, yea almoſt prodigal was ſhe of her *Almes*! Her great *love* to all *good men*, but eſpecially to the *guids of Soules*, more eſpecially to thoſe *Reverend Fathers of the Church* (that were rightly called, and qualified for all *ſacred Offices*, however in the diſtreſſe, and dregs of *times*, driven both from the *Altar*, and their own *Homes*, but *God be thanked* are now reſtored to both?) in all theſe inſtances, ſhe was very *Eminent* and *Exemplary*.

I had almoſt *omitted* one thing (which I think very neceſſary to be *inſerted*) though ſhe went alwayes very rich, and handſome, in a habit becoming her youth, and quality, yet were her clothes never gaudy, and Phantaſtick, gorgeous and gay: much leſſe did ſhe *patch* or *paint*, *curle* and *powder*, (the *ſplendida pec-*

cata, venial *ſins*, and little *abominations* of *Great Gentlewomen*.

There are ſome Genelewomen (*with ſorrow I ſpeak it*, otherwiſe *modeſt* and *diſcreet enough*) that affect ſuch a *gaity* and *variety* of *Ribbons* and *Apparel*, that they look me *thinks* upon a *Holy day*, as if they had *prevented* our *Grandam Eve* in ſinning, and wanting *patience* to ſtay for the *fruit*, had plucked the very *bloſſomes*, and now wore them about them, as ſo many *Ornaments*.

Nor did our *Gentlewoman* ſpend a whole *morning* in *dreſſing* her ſelf as ſome (that *Seneca* complain'd of) did, *inter pectinem, & ſpeculum occupatæ*: and *too many* now a daies *do*, and if ſo be, they can come down to *dinner*, and bid the *Old Gentleman* good morrow, they are early *Riſers*, and excellent *Huſwives*, in

in the mean time have forgot their prayer Book, *and devotion*: ſo: though ſhe *allowed Nature a* Competency of ſleep, and other Proviſions, and her ſelf, ſome ſands to poliſh, and deck her Body, *yet by no means*, would ſhe ſuffer them to infringe *her Devotions*, or hinder her in more *profitable buſineſs*.

She hath left behind her many *fair Monuments* of her good *Huſwifery*, and had ſhe *wrote* the Hiſtory of her own *Life*, with a *Needle*, as She did, of *ſome of the Patriarchs*, it would have *ſaved me ſome pains*, and *trouble*. It was my *Fortune ſeldome to viſit Her*, but I found *her at her Work*: for by no *means would ſhe be idle*, but when ſhe had been weary, *of more ſerious, and neceſſary imployments*, ſhe would betake her ſelf to her Muſick, or ſome other *ingenious diverſions*.

Take her *in all Capacities, and Relations; ſhe was an Excellent Perſon.*

Look we upon her as a *Woman*, ſhe was *Exemplary for Sweetneſs, Modeſty*, and *Sobriety*; as a *Gentlewoman*, for good *breeding, Nobleneſſe*, and *Generoſſity*; as a *Daughter*, ſhe was *ſubmiſſive, Dutifull, and Obedient*; as a *Sister, loving, tender, and indulgent*; as a *Friend, cordial, ſincere, and conſtant*; as a *Chriſtian, Meek, Patient, humble, Devout, and Charitable.*

And now, good Reader, Gueſſe what a loſſe we have all *ſuſtained* in the untimely death of this *Gentlewoman! Hinc illæ Lachrimæ!* Think how uſefull, and ſervicable ſhe would have been; an example to all young *Ladies*, both of *Wit, and Modeſty, Piety, and Civility, Diligence*, and good *Huſwifery*: If it had

had pleaſed God ſo far to have indulged to our Prayers, and Tears, as to have *prolonged her Life, and reſtored* Her to *Health.*

And yet this is not the halfe of that Worth that *was really in her*; ſhe was as Exemplary in her ſickneſs as in her *Health*; bearing the afflicting hand of God with ſingular *Patience, and Submiſſion.*

Alas how many of us, are very Religious in time of *Health*, mindfull of our duty to God, and our Neighbour, and hereupon think our ſelves very Good Chriſtians, but when ſickneſs comes, and we *are caſt upou a bed of Languiſhing*, and the *Evil one Winnowes us, then* are we *very impatient and unbelieving, haſty*, and *troubleſome*, apt to *repine*, and be *angry.*

But as ſhe *was an Example of Piety*, and *Juſtice*, Chaſtity and *temperance*,

perance, and all other *Virtues* (which received a Luſtre, and great advantage from her perſon, that was both *Propper, and comely*) *in her life*: ſo was *ſhe a Mirrour of Patience*, and *Pious Reſignation of her ſelf to* God, when ſhe came to dye.

Poverty, and a ſick bed, *Miniſter an opportunity* to *Patience*, *Meekneſs*, and *Contentation* (thoſe Modeſt *graces*) to diſcover themſelves; ſure I am, they did in her: never did *I* ſee any thing more ſilent, and Submiſſive, Meek, and quiet, under the hand of God, free from all tranſports of *Paſſion*, and *Impatience*, not diſpairing of Gods love, very ſenſible of her own ſins, and demerits: every one of which might occaſion (as ſhe ſaid) far greater pains, and ſorrowes than thoſe ſhe felt.

And truly I wonder not much at the

the manner of her death (which was every way ſo *ſweet*, *eaſie*, and *Chriſtian*) when *I* conſider the innocency, and ſimplicity of her Soul:

For alaſſe were not a guilty *conſcience* the greateſt part of our *diſeaſe*, a ſick *bed* would not be ſo *hard*, nor *Death* ſo *Formidable*; as for her part ſhe *wondred* that any perſon ſhould be affraid of ſo harmleſs a *Thing*.

And yet if it had been *conſiſtent* with the *Will of God*, that ſhe ſhould have lived, not out of *love* to life, or theſe *tranſitory things* (which ſhe had learned to *ſpurne*, and *contemn* and to look upon them, with as great *diſdain*, as an *Eagle* doth upon *Gnats*, and *Flies*, and ſuch petty prey, when he is upon the wing for Heaven) but out of reſpect to Gods glory (which ſhe did alwayes pre-

preferre above her own *concerns* } and in ſubmiſſion to his pleaſure, ſhe would willingly have lived ſometime longer in this *Vale* of *Tears*.

And truly this was a great piece of ſelf *denial in her*;

For the *Marriner*, that is entring the *Haven*, to be willing to go back into the *Storme*, and court the *Shipwrack*, which he had but even now *eſcaped*; For the *weary*, and *devout Eremite*, that is got upon *Mount Olivet*, and views the *Holy City* before him, to turne his face, and go back into the *Wilderneſſe*, there to *converſe* with *Monkies*, and *Serpents*, or the wilder *Natives*: this was her caſe and ſuch a piece of *Self Denial*, yea greater was that in her.

She was *troubled*, to ſee her friends ſtand weeping about her, as if they were ſorry, that ſhe ſhould be ſo

ſoon

ſoon *happy*; and could (had ſhe been *able*) have *wept* her ſelf, out of pitty to them, that were to ſtay behind her, in this *miſerable World.*

And now tell me, O yee *fierce Satyriſts* againſt *Women!* that call them *facile*, *inconſtant*, *weak*, and *Timerous*; whether this *Gentlewoman* doth not refute all your *calumnies* and *reproches*, and whether you do juſtly cenſure and abuſe them?

Shew me that *perſon* of your own *Sex*, that excells her, and I will promiſe to ſhew you a *Thouſand*, that fall far ſhort of Her. But I dare ſpeak no more of this *ſubject* (though I could be *Voluminous* in their *Vindication*) leaſt ſome *Cenſorious Cato's*, or other aſperſe me, with loving that ſex too well; only imagine how happy that perſon would have been that ſhould have injoyed

and

and poſſeſſed ſo much beauty, and virtue; Think what a heaven upon Earth he would have lived, that had got ſo ſweet a Conſort.

No jarrs or diſcontents, no clamours or jealouſies, but a continual ſilence, and ſerenity, like that above, would have poſſeſſed their breaſts.

But it is now high time for me to put a period to this diſcourſe; leaſt I treſpaſſe too much upon the patience of my Reader. only it would be neceſſary for me to free my ſelf from ſome aſperſions, that I am ſure to meet with, from a ſort of people, whom they call the godly party, theſe will open their throats ltke a Sepulchre, and call me *Sycophant*, and *Flatterer*, *pragmatick* and *man-pleaſer*, and ſay, I have told many a Notorious lie.

Though

Though I no more regard the talk and reproches of *theſe People*, then the *affronts of Children and Women* (and indeed *moſt of them* are of the latter ſort)yet I will *argue a little with* them (*if they will promiſe me not to* be angry) concerning the uſe and lawfulneſs of praiſing the *Dead*, aſſerting alſo my own veracity, in what *I* have already ſpoken touching *this Gentlewoman.*

There are a ſort of Vile and little people, that by no means can *bear the commendation of anothers Virtue*; whither becauſe it puts them in mind of their own defects, (*for ſo the dwarfe is never more angry*, or thinks himſelf ſo little, and *Contemptible*, as when he compares *Himſelf* to a *Gyant*, or ſome perſon of Extraordinary proportions) or whither becauſe they make their own attainments, the juſt *meaſures* of

of all Growth, and Proficiency (and ſo condemn all *Panegyricks* and *Hiſtories*, though of the *Lives* and *Virtues* of the moſt Excellent Perſons, as ingenious lies, and mercenary orations, at beſt but *Hyperbolical* ſtrains, and Poetick Raptures) I cannot tell.

But as theſe Perſons are Enemies to others, and have no *Charity*, ſo are they no Friends *to Virtue*, and worthy actions, and very injurious to the World.

Tell me thou Religious Sceptick, doth not the light of Nature tell us, that honour is a promoter of Virtue, a ſpur to all Generous, and Worthy *actions*? or haſt thou forgot the verſe which thou learnedſt at School,

Laudis ſtudio trahimur omnes?

And

And if you will believe the Philoſopher, then is it not only a ſpur to Virtue, but the Guerdon, and Reward its ſelf,

Laus eſt virtutis præmium:

But if I ſhould tell you, that it is not only your duty, to ſpeak well of, but to commend the Virtues of the deceaſed, ſure you would be no more Cenſorious. If I muſt give Honour to whom honour is due (as St. *Paul* informes me) than is honour either not the due reward of Virtue, or if it is, it is my duty to pay it.

Beſides let me appeal to your piety, and ingenuity, whither it be not pitty, but that ſuch imitable worth (as I have celebrated) ſhould be tranſmitted to poſterity, for the uſe, and benefit of all young Miſtreſſes

ſtreſſes: who cannot chooſe but emulate thoſe worthy actions, that merit ſo great commendation: eſpecially in an age ſo diſſolute, and irreligious, that needs the moſt potent precepts, and moſt pious examples.

Reader, as I never loved to guild a poſt, or to paint a Sepulchre, nor was I ever counted a Conductitious, and Venal Orator, ſo it cannot but grieve me, to ſee any perſon that hath merrited, ought, from an ungratefull World, to go to his grave neglected, and unregarded, beſides a few tears ſhed upon his Turfe, by ſome good Friend, or paſſionate ſervant.

And certainly if it be lawfull to adorn a *Skeleton* with Eſcutcheons, to deck a Corps with flowers, (which is at beſt but the ſhell, the veſtment, the ſcabbard of the ſoul) then

then it can never be blame worthy in any *man* to recite the *virtues*, and *excellencies* of that *better part*; which is ſo much the more worthy, and excellent, as it is *chaſt*, *modeſt*, *humble*, and *charitable*.

Nor is there any time more *fit and convenient* for this purpoſe than this is; for the Orator is now ſecured againſt *paraſitiſme* and *flattery*: for what reward, and bribe can he receive from a *dead hand*? as alſo from the *fear of miniſtring to pride*, and *folly*, in the perſon *commemorated*, who is altogether ignorant of what is ſaid.

But there are *others* whoſe *cenſure* I am more *affraid off*, as indeed I have *reaſon*; and theſe are of a different *perſwaſion* from the *former*. Theſe will tell me (*and well they may*) that I fall far ſhort of the *real worth* of this *Gentlewoman*,

and ſhould have held *my tongue*, or have been more *Eloquent*. And they will blame me, the rather because they will find *themſelves* much *deceived* in their *expectations*. VVhat theſe perſons ſhall alledge I muſt confeſſe to be true; nor did I ever dote ſo much on my own parts, but that I could willingly ſee any papers of mine corrected, nor can any perſon have more *low, and unworthy thoughts* of them, then I ever had of my ſelf.

Yet I would *requeſt* one favour at *their hands*, namely that they would take notice, that I had not *many houres allotted* me for this work. VVould they pleaſe but to remember my *Calling*, and thoſe *other employments*, that fill up my time, and how my trade prohibits ſuch meaſures as theſe, and that I have been fain to beguile the Shop

of a few hours, and to pinch the Cuſtomer in his due attendance, or to rob my eyes of their beloved ſleep, they would be more *gentle* and *candid*, leſſe *critical* and *cenſorious*, apt to excuſe thoſe *errors* which they find, and to ſupply the ingenuity that is wanting.

But if they will chide, and are reſolved to be angry, and nothing will ſatisfy them but the diſcredit, & diſhonor of the Poet, yet this is my comfort, that what I have wrote hath been out of a ſincere love to my *kinſwoman*; and confident I am, were ſhe capable of peruſing theſe papers, as ſhe would be ſo modeſt, as to chide me for ſaying ſo much; ſo ſo *ingenious* as to excuſe me for ſaying no more.

I have only one requeſt to theſe *Gentlemen* or *Ladies*, or whoever they be, that they would remember

that my buſineſs was not to publiſh my own worth (like the proud Painter that drew his own picture in *Minerva's* eye) but to expreſſe my unfeigned reſpect to this *Gentlewoman*; to make known her great piety and virtue, and to preſerve her memory freſh, and fragrant to ſucceeding ages.

And may I but build a monument for her, I ſhall rejoyce, though it be out of the ruines of my own fame! Let me be nicknamed fool and ideot, may I but ſet forth her prudence, and diſcretion! ſay I am a bold and audacious fellow, if you will, but confeſſe her modeſty! let me be cenſured for prophane, and irreligious; but in the mean time, applaude her piety and devotion! may I but redeem her name from oblivion, I care not if I am buryed in ignominy and diſgrace.

And

And now good Reader let thee and *I* endeavour to imitate the piety drudence, modeſty, and humility, of this excellent Gentlewoman: who ſhall never be ſeen any more in this World: no readier way to eternize her name, then by following her example. And O might theſe poor papers of mine miniſter but to a good thought, or ſtrengthen a reſolve, or make any one in love with virtue! might they be inſtrumental of good, though it be never ſo little, and inconſiderable! Then would I Rejoyce, and Triumph; not only that I have commended the Virtues, and indeavoured to Perpetuate the Memorial of this Excellent Gentlewoman: but that I have proſelited a perſon to the ſame Piety, and have done that by a Picture, and brief Cha-

racter, that perhaps could not be effected by a *Lenten Sermon*, which (that it might be so) is the earnest vote and desire of thy

Friend and Servant
Henry Woolnough.

To Momus.

ARe these sad Verses? do they rufull go?
I tell the Momus *I would have 'em so:*
But if he chides aloud, my Book, reply
The muse is of her self, too apt to cry.

To my much

Honoured Couſin

MATTHEW GILLY Eſq;

The Prologue.

THoſe Verſes which I did requeſt,
I now return with intereſt;
With intereſt of what *I* owe,
Of Love, and gratitude, to you.

Or (if you pleaſe) theſe Verſes be
A Homage piece, or Fealty:
And then it's fit when *I* aſſigne
Your Copy, *I* ſhould pay a Fine.
Perhaps you'l wonder, Sir, to ſee
Epitaphs, go for uſury;
And a poor Melancholy Line
To do the office of a Fine:
Such little things we uſe to bring
The ſhrines, as a Free Offering;
And Death, you know, would never own,
A Bond, or Obligation;
Since he would fain contract and draw
His practiſe to the Statute Law:

Beſides

Beſides, what's under hand and ſeal,
A crooked line can ne're repeal:
Things being thus, you may well laugh
At the uſe of an Epitaph;
And no leſſe wonder for to ſee
One paſs a Fine in poeſy.
Till you bethink your ſelf you have
A great Revenue in the Grave;
A true inheritance that thrives,
No petty purchaſe made for Lives;
That free eſtate, and yet it ſtands,
I dare ſay chiefly in Church Lands;
The Merchants pearl, what ſhall I call
It elſe? an eſtate perſonal.
Conſider you that Lady dreſt
In darkneſſe, whom you loved beſt;
And ſhe the pleaſure of your eye
Invellop't with Deformity:
And you'l not wonder I aſſign
The payment in your Native coine:
And do inſtead of younger dreſſe,
Preſent you with a Cypereſſe:
Or ſome gay Flower that I have
Found napping on your Daughters Grave.
For whoſe dear ſake your Poet Sir preſumes
Epitaphs, not Epithalamiums.

The Requeſt.

DEath went one Sunſhine Day to ſee
Fair *Floras* gay *Diapery*
And curiouſly to *ſurvey*,
Thoſe little People *ſoft* and *gay*.
The *Lillies* for to bluſh began,
The *Roſes* likewiſe to look wan;
And every leaf did quake as though
The *windes* had threatned for to blow.
One *Bloome* excelling all the reſt,
Death, of the *Goddeſſe* did requeſt,
And pray'd that *Flower* he might have,
To deck a little *Garden grave*.
Grim Sir, ſaid *Flora*, I ſuppoſe
Your Lordſhip better likes a *Roſe*;
A *Royal Roſe* Sir ſuits your bower,
And not an humble *Gilly-flower*.
But He her anſwer ſoon doth wave,
Or ſwears, he will no anſwer have.
With that a ſtrife roſe for an hour,
Twixt *Life* and *Death* about the flower:
That 'twas an Infant bud *Life* preſt,
For that, *Death* ſaid, he lik't it beſt:
To part the ſtrife, the Flower ſhe did ſnip,
To death ſhe gave the bud, to life the ſlip.

The Beck.

HO little ſtranger hither come,
And I'le ſhew thee a *Virgin Tomb*;
Where Love and beauty ſnugging lie
In ſilence, and obſurity.
Turne up that *Graſſy ſheet* and you
The Aſhes of a Roſe may view;
A modeſt *Roſe* that ne're did ſeem
To couple with a wanton beam;
Or *Hiblan Courtier*, nor did mind
The *Kiſſes* of Laſcivous wind:
Now raviſh'd from us by the Luſt
Of Death to crown a bed of duſt.

The Sympathy.

KInd paſſenger in pitty lend
A Tear! none this poor duſt defend
From naughty hands, that would not have
A flower bloſſome on its grave:
Or holy Damſel fit to fray,
And chide the worm that fain would prey
Upon thoſe eyes, thoſe eyes that be,
With weeping much conſum'd for thee.

So

So wounded balme trees freely ſpend
Their tears for thoſe that do 'em rend.
And the ſad Heavens mourne to ſee
The aëry brothers diſagree.
But if thou canſt not, Friend, let fall
A Tear, though but reciprocal;
Go learn of Stones and Marble walls,
Be pupil to the Minerals:
See how the *Vaults* do weep for thoſe
Immodeſt men that do diſcloſe
Their *nakedneſs*: as if ſo be
They'd teach men *Chriſtianity*.
If yet thou canſt not ſhed a *Tear*,
Or *ſigh*, or *grone*, a breath of air,
A watry drop, poor *tranſient ware!*
Conſider fool for ought thou knoweſt
When to thy home thou ſmiling goeſt,
The red lipt Girle, the dilling boy,
The *Fathers Hope*, and *Mothers joy*,
May by the lowring *walls* lie dead:
And wrapt up in a ſheet of *Lead*.
If this will not prevail with thee,
To ſhed a Tear by *Sympathy*;
Phanſy thy ſelf in ſuch a caſe
As this poor *Virgin* is; Alaſs!
'Twill not be long 'fore thee and I,
In ſuch a narrow grot muſt lie,
Forſaken, by our friends forgot,
And trod upon by every foot.
'Tis not the marrow in thy *bones*,
Thy ſtrengh is not like that of ſtones:

Nor

Nor is't thy youth, no nor thy wealth,
Not beauty, nor a modish health,
Nor names of Honour, nor a wreath
Of Laurel, what's the peoples breath?
Poor silly man these cannot save
Thee from a dark and silent Grave.
In pitty then weep, surly Else,
If not for her, yet for thy self.

The Storme.

I Weep the Death, and early fall,
I celebrate the Funeral
Of the fair *Gilly*, lately gone
To silence and oblivion.
Could beauty have preserv'd her here,
Could Piety, or could a Tear;
A floud of *Tears* shed from the eyes
Of Noble Friends and sweet Allies:
Could the Physitians learning have
Repriev'd her from an *early Grave*;
Or could the *Chymists diligence*,
His *study*, and *experience*
In *Hearbs*, *Gums*, *Drugs*, *and Minerals*,
(The *treasures that the earth conceals.*)
Could any thing, speak in one word,
The *Shop*, *or Lymbick* did afford,
Have freed this *Pretty Lady* from
Sickness, Death, and Corruption;

Or

Or could the *Churches dayly prayers*,
Could a whole Pariſh *full of tears*;
Thoſe moſt *Victorious Oratours!*
With *ſighs* and *grones* as Loud as thoſe
That do attend the *Fatal Throwes*
Of *Dying perſons*; could her own
Requeſts, and *Suites* ſo oft made *known*;
Backt with the ſtrongeſt *Arguments*
Of *Vertue*, *Goodneſſe*, *innocence*:
Not to alledge the *ſilent crie*
Of *Youth* and of *Virginity*:
Could *any*, or could *all of theſe*
With *blubber'd eyes*, and *bended knees*,
Have only merited *her ſtay*
In this *poor little houſe of clay*;
A *longer time*; could they alaſſe
Have *lent* ſome *ſands* unto her *glaſſe*;
None of us had ſo *ſoon been here*
Paying a *Tributary Tear.*
O *cruel Fates and Deſtinies*
Wiſt you not our *complaints* and *cries*?
Ye *ſickly winds* and *Sullen Stars*!
Pale Rulers of the *Hemiſpheres*!
Say, could you not for once *diſpenſe*
With a *Malignant influence*?
Or were not thoſe fair *orient nets*,
Her *locks* ſufficient *Amulets*?
Or thoſe *Cæleſtial Flames* her Eyes,
Able to *rarifie* the *Skies*?
Fie *angrie Heavens* what have we
Done, that you ſhould avoid and flee
Our pretty *importunitie*?

Or

Or tell me ift your mode and guiſe,
To diſappoint your Votaries?
God bleſſe us then, if *this be all*,
You'l make men *Atheiſticall*
And they will think it but in vain
To invocate the Gods again.
Say had it been ſome *little boon*,
That we had askt, we ſhould as ſoon
Acquit Your Juſtice: if with all
The requeſites were criminal.
Say, that we had invok't a *curſe*
Upon a good mans head, or worſe,
Sword, *Famine*, *Plague*, *Captivitie*,
Attend the *Sacred Hierarchie*,
The very plague of all the three!
Or had we *pray'd that you would pleaſe*
To *root* up *Univerſities*,
Thoſe *Babyloniſh Nurſeries*:
Or that you would *Vouchſafe to raiſe*
All the *High-places in our daies*:
O may the *Idol Temples* fall,
The *Steeple-Houſes* eke withal.
From *Pankcrits*, unto St. *Paul!*
And ſince ſome of *our members be*
In *bonds*, and great neceſſity;
For *murder*, *treaſon*, or *pretenſe*
Of theſe, and a *good Conſcience*,
Cloſe walking, or reſiſting Kings,
(A few ſuch *Ceremonious things*,
Annis and *Cummin!*) hang the *bells*,
The *Chalice*, and *Church Utenſils*!

May

May they with all their Pomp and State
Go whiſle to the Iriſh plate!
Be pleaſed likewiſe to ſuppreſſe
Copes, Tippets, Rotchets, hoods, the dreſs,
Coifes, Pinners, Whisks, the clouts and ſtore
Of the proud Babyloniſh whore!
Bold Courtezan, that doth unvail
And proſtitute her ſelf to all!
Eſpecially the Surplice thou
Is in good ſooth the Strumpets ſmock.
O find out an Expedient,
For them that took the Covenant;
Inſtruct them, Lord, how they may do,
To keep it, and their Livings too!
Or had we pray'd you for to puffe
The Tapers out, that blind Mans-buffe,
May be the ſport, the Word provides
Both Teachers, Tapers, Lights and Guids:
To ſilence Organs, Crack their pegs,
Then ſet the Tables on their Legs,
Leaſt they poor things be forc'd to be
Promooters of Idolatry:
Be pleaſed alſo for to hate,
Abjure, and Excommunicate
Thoſe painted *Jezabels*, that lye
In the Church windowes wantonly;
And do decoy the Speakers ſight
From off his book, ſhade Goſpel light:
Be pleas'd to waſh, and rebaptize
Our fonts and Lavors; ſacrifice,
Our Altars, Superfluities!

We

We would pray that the Croſs might be
Converted to a Gallow tree.
But oh forbid, that any more
The Saints ſhould truſs as heretofore!
And ſince that many in this Land
Through ignorance ne underſtand,
The Liturgy, the Churches, prayers,
The Product of an hundred years,
Begot in blood, baptis'd in tears;
And ſome of it doth give offence
To the weak Brothers conſcience:
Such as the Chriſtning, burial, are
The creed, Commandments, and Lords prayer;
Be pleas'd, ſweet Father, hereupon
T' inſpire the Convocation!
O thou that didſt on the ſame ſcore,
Provincial Synods heretofore;
That they may (to promote thy glory)
Thereto annex a directory:
Suppoſe ſuch Prayers as theſe were ſent
To Heaven, ſo impertinent,
Rebellious, Sacrilegious, vain
Sinfull, Præcipitant, Prophane:
We ſhould not wonder not to hear
An Anſwer to ſo vile a pray'er:
But rather that you have not forc't
The Supplicant to taſt the worſt
That hath not pray'd indeed, but Curſt.

Or ſay we had prefer'd a prayer,
A Prologue to a *Civil War*:
And once more had devoutly blown
The *Trumpet of Sedition*;
Making the bleſſed *Dove* to be
A Pimp, and Baud to Villany,
And Rapine; Solemn Oaths, and Vow's
To *Projects Sacrilegious*:
Great *Lord of Hoasts* with ſpeed ride on
And proſper *our Rebellion!*
O let the little *Shepheard tread*
Upon the Great *Philiſtan's Head*!
Let *Jacob* riſe, although he be
A worme (for Imbecility)
And threſh the *Mountains!* ſhall he not
Or'turn a Tent with *Barley ſhot*?
Ariſe, and rout the *Cavileers*!
Garble the Commons, pluck the Peers,
Out of the Houſe by head and Ears!
As for the ſullen Prieſts of *Baal*
A *premunire* take 'em all!
In the mean time, may he that Reigns
Be bound in *Adamantine* Chains!
Fools, *Madmen*, *Princes*, ſuch as thoſe
May not be at their own diſpoſe.
If Kings are Lyons (as we know
They be) than its not ſafe, I trow,
For *Lambs*, and *meek ones*, ſuch as we
(To borrow the *Mythology*)
To look upon 'em, hear their Threats.
But though ſtone walls, and Iron Grates,

Or had we cal'd for fire from far,
A Metor, or a Blazing ſtar,
Gay Apparitions in Theaire:
Some bloudy Commet, to be fear'd
With fiery face, and Carret Beard,
A tail of a prodigious length
(The flail, and meaſure of his ſtrength:)
Heads, Axes, bloudy Trunks, and blocks
Inverted ſteeples, weather Cocks,
Claſhing of Armour, noiſe of Guns,
Rainbows, Parelia, double Suns,
Ghoſts, Spectres, goblins, Earthquakes, dearths,
Whirlewinds, high-tides, and monſtrous births:
Should we have ask't ſuch things as theſe,
Riddles to Nature, Prodigies
To all wiſe Men, Omens of wars,
(Gull, nonplus great Aſtrologers)
And that forſooth but to convince
Gainſayers of our Innocence:
That Murder, Treaſon, Parricide
Rebellion, Luciferian pride,
Schiſme, ſacriledge, and perjuries,
Are Trifles, petty Gnats, and flies:
That Heaven doth vouchſafe to call
Words, actions Diabolical,
Good, Holy, neceſſary, juſt
Excuſable, a fit of luſt
And Paſſion; God never blames
The Action, he regards the aimes,
Reſpects, and ends, and they, it ſeems,
Are good, what ever are the means.

Had

Had we I ſay prefer'd ſuch prayers
As theſe, not ſteept in pious Tears:
But in the blood of Prince, and Peers:
Juſtly might you (ye Heavens) deny
To hear our prayers, to gratifie
Our wiſhes, although each requeſt
Were hallow'd by a monthly faſt.
But when the things well underſtood
Were honeſt, pious, juſt, and good,
Offer'd with ſuch a ſence of want
As did beſeem a ſupplyant,
And yet with ſuch a Confidence
As might import great Innocence:
How could ye, O ye *Heavens* deny
To hear our importunity?
Or you *Angelick* Courtiers not
Bring us ſome pretious Antedote?
A crum, a leafe, a drop from you
Would have been ſweet and Soveraign too.

Tell me what was it we did crave?
'Twas that you'd condiſcend to ſave
A pious Lady from the Grave.
That it would pleaſe you to ſecure
Her from the fatal Callenture.
Let *Courtezans*, and *wanton Dames*
That *Scatter Sparks, reap burning flames*;
Fair *Salamanders*, that do Court
The Cruel *Element*, and ſpourt
With fire, till (like the *Venturous flie*
In *Arrian*) thy fall and dye:

But oh forbid ye heavens, that e'r
A ſoul ſo *ſweet*, *chaſt*, *debonaire*
Gentle, *Sereen*, and *yet ſevere*,
Good, pious, charitable, juſt;
Not ſcorched with the heat of Luſt,
Paſſion, and Anger, neither yet
Fly blown with pride, and ſelf conceit,
(Any of theſe,) forbid *I* ſay
That ſhe ſhould ever be a prey
To a proud humour, a diſeaſe
Or inflamation, prefaces
To Death, Humane infirmities!
If we have ſin'd, as who doth not,
Then may the Die, and fatal Lot
Cull out the guilty ſoul: for ſhame,
Muſt innocence ſuffer the blame
Of ſin, and folly, and the great
Pattern of Virtue expiate
Our great enormous crimes? ah
Muſt the fair *Iphigenia*
Be ſacrificed; yea in her prime
And that for *Agamemnons* crime?
O might my life have reſcu'd hers,
I would have courted ſwords, and ſpears,
And added to her dayes my years!
Like *Curtius*, and the other brave
Heroes have leapt into a grave;
With joy, and triumph, prov'd to be
Martyr for ſuch a Deity.

But tell me O ye Heavenly powers!
That meaſure time, and tell the hours;

Summe

Summe up the lives of men, who may
Not paſſe the unite of a Day,
Count all the Stars as they do paſſe,
Number the Sands in every Glaſſe;
Whither you han't in your Accompt
Miſtook? Her dayes do ſcarce amount
To eighteen years as yet: or are
The Numbers in your Calendar
So different, while ſome do ſcarce
Tell twenty, others threeſcore years?
If (Stoick like) you makes alwaies
Virtue the Meaſure of our dayes:
And he whoſe mind doth couch, and hold
Much learning, he is wondrous old
Although a boy, and ſorrow has
Not yet plow'd furrows in his face;
Then muſt I either hold my tongue,
Or ſay this Lady dy'd but young.
But if this ſublunary State,
Be govern'd by an Equal Fate,
And virtue, charity, good prayers
Do not anticipate our years,
And make us old too ſoon (though they
Polliſh our minds, and ſo mak e way.
For that diviner life, which is
The Conſummation of all bliſſe)
Then give me leave to ſhed a Tear,
To ſay, the heavens are ſevere,
Froward, hart-hearted, and unkind.
Who would not chide that naughty wind,
Call it inhumane, that ſhould blow
Down a fair bloſſome, overthrow

A Science, that but t'other day
In the Stocks gentle bosome lay?
And yet me thinks well might we spare
Such gross reflexions as these are,
And wipe away each childish tear:
When we remember she is gone,
Into a calmer region,
To bliss, to Heaven, to a State
Not subject to the lawes of fate
And chance: the Science is
Transplanted into paradise.
Then blessed Virgin shall we soil
Thy ashes, with a tear so vile?
And do as much as in us lies
To strangle thy felicities?
For while we silly souls lament
And mourn, pittifully resent
Thy suddain change, thou being freed
From all those passions (that proceed,
Derive, stream, issue, wholly
From flegme, bloud, choler, melancholy:
Or the bad mixtures of them) dost
Sing Triumphs with the cheerful Hoast
Of souls beatifi'd: no noise
From earth doth interrupt thy joyes.
Thou art compleatly happy, we,
Emblems of infilicity;
We sin and sigh, offend and mourne,
I that we do! thou both do'st scorne:
No frown dwels on thy brow, no tear
Drops from thy eye, throughout the year:

descend,

But

But we do ſtrike our breaſts, ſhed floods
Of tears, look thorough frowns, and clouds:
Vaſt is the diſtance, great and wide,
The caſme, 'twixt a glorified
Spirit, and one that yet remains
A priſoner, pinion'd by the chains
Of fleſh, and bad propenſions!

The Farwell.

AS men in *Greenland* left, ſeeing the Sun
Poſting away from the cold Horizon,
And night grow on a pace, blank and forlorne
Set themſelves down, & in deep *accents mourn*
The ſad miſfortune that attends 'um: one
With vowes doth flatter, and careſſe the Sun;
Prayes him to curb his Steeds: another, hee
Lies doting on his infelicity;
Then fetching many a ſigh, a ſob, a tear,
Counts the ſad hours of the lingring year,
A third could wiſh himſelf the enſuing hour
Narciſſus like, a plant, a bloom, a flower;
Ingenious animal that ſhoots its ſelf
Into its root! there doth the cunning Elf
Lig all the tedious time of cold and night:
So in his ſtove the noble Muſcovite
Keeps himſelf warm, and hale, when all below
Is nothing elſe but flakes of Ice and Snow:
A fourth would fain Epitomiſe himſelf
Into a Dormouſe, pretty drouſy Elf,

Sleeps all the winter ſolſtice; 'tother would
Be any thing, a bear: for than he could
Slumber ſome time, or if his waking cauſe
Hunger, banquſt his body on his clawes.
All of them (wretched *Caitifs*) weep and cry
O that the Gods would give us leave to die!
Juſt ſo on this fair Damſel did *I* look,
*S*he going off the ſtage, juſt ſo *I* took
My laſt adeu, ah my fair ſtar, ſaid I!
Ah thoſe bleſt Regions to which thou doſt flie!
In vain Phyſitians do you comfort me,
Say not, I that am in a warm degree,
*S*ince ſhe is gone from me: *A* am I ſwear
In the cold clutches of the Northern bear.
No *Sweed*, no *Tartar*, *Muſcovite*, or they
That dwell ſome *leagues beyond* the *Baltick ſea*
And the black Ocean, ſuffer ſo much cold
As *I*, in ſheets of ice and ſnow inrold.
There *where* they *truck* for winds, & ferry or'e
Their paſſengers in ſhells, from ſhoar to ſhoar;
There were the bluſtring *Boreas* alwaies blows
There, were the angry thiſtle only growes
And people far more troubleſome than thoſe;
There, where no huſwife ever ſits and ſpins
Cloths for her houſe, all clad in furs and skins;
There where the dayes at beſt and longeſt are
But ſhort and gloomy, nights like *pitch* & *tar*;
Even there I live and breath: or if there is
A Clime more cold, diſconſolate than this
Tis there I dwell: me ken the *A*rtick pole,
Where the numb'd heavens very ſoftly role:

And

And angry winds huge ſturdy oakes up rend,
Where pregnant clouds in featherbeds *diſcend*
To greet the earth; where neither ſtar and ſun
Appear, dark center of the frigid Zone.
The ſullen ſouls, and fierceſt feends that dwell
In *Stygian* ſhades, walk on the ſhores of hell
And *Lethe*, they complain of warmth & heat,
Alaſs poor wights they alwaies burn or ſweat!
I freeze, diſſolve, and yet our torments do
In this agree, extreams of pain and wo.
Beſides poor Reprobates they yelling lie
In an *Abyſſe* of darkneſſe, ſo do I.
Ah my poor heart! how do'ſt thou do to live
In ſuch a heap of ice? canſt thou ſurvive (*rive?*
Thy body? whence doſt thou this *warmth de-*
Or knowſt thou not, *fond caitife, how thine eyes*
Are frozen up with tears, ſnow ſcatterd lies
Upon thy locks, whilome thy tongue and lips
Yeild nothing elſe godwot but hawes & hips:
Poor ſorry fruits indeed, each tender eye
By weeping, droping eke continually
Hath ſunk and hollowed thy face that *looks*
Like ſome torn freeſtone ful of *cracks & nooks.*
And every muſcle, ſinew, fiber, vain,
Circles my body like an icy chain.
As for the lower parts, 'tis not deny'd
But ſome of 'em were long ſince petrefy'd.
Away fond Quacks; bold Empericks no more
Wound, torture, mangle, ſcarify this poor

Lean

Lean *Skeleton* of mine! piſh tis a flam,
All your rich cordials cannot yield a dram
Of eaſe and comfort: beſar, pearl avails
No more than dirt, ſhels, paring of your nails.
Proud ignoramuſſes, you cannot reach
My grief, go blow wind in a dead mans breach
Then travel to your whining patients beds,
Cure greenſick Girls, reſtore loſt Maidenheads:
Survay the cloſeſtool, ſhake the urinal,
Go feel the pulſe: and ſomething elſe withall:
Scrach where it doth not itch, then *make a face*
And fetch a ſigh with a prodigious grace:
Agues, conſumptions, tiſsicks, lethargies,
Palſies, catarrh's, cold humours, ſuch as theſe
(Great bugbear words) or call'um *what you pleaſe*,
Are my diſeaſe forſooth: and ſo alack
I am the ſpittle, and my Don the quack.
But ſtay bold Medicaſter, ſtay! you muſt
Firſt raiſe this vertuous Lady from the duſt;
'Fore you can work a cure, remove the cauſe,
Or elſe you mind not the Phyſitians lawes.
You zealous ſpitfires that do make a clutter,
Like owles and ravens levermore do flutter
About the ſick mans bed, while every prayer
Strikes ephita into a dead mans ear;
Whoſe Sermons are as comfortable welly
As a warme clout clapt to a Siſters belly:
I neither need your help, nor do deſire
Your company, ſons of the cole and fire.
Returne, retnrn, bright planet ah returne,
Hark how thy captives ſigh, lament and mourn

Re-

Returne, returne I ſay, leſt we poor elves
By daily weeping petrifie our ſelves:
For if the cold and froſt do not avail
To do the feat, exceſſive moyſture ſhall;
And we the ſtanding monuments muſt be
Of humane weakneſſe, female cruelty.
Returne, returne, my heart, my joy, my ſun,
Ile worſhip thee with more devotion
Than ever perſian ſuperſtitiouſly
Did the bright ſun, and all his progeny.
Ile ſacrifice a horſe, or if that is
Too big, too dear, too large a ſacrifice
For me, Ile offer up my ſelf again:
My ſelf, fair Lady! who am next a kin.

The Parallel.

Hiſtorians tell us when *Maſiſtius* dy'd
(So much was he belov'd (*that all the pride*
And flower of famous *Carthage*, for his ſake
Flocked together, hung their wals with black;
(torne
Brake down the gates, and rampiers, that the
And ſhatter'd flints *might with the people mourn.*
When *Pompey* by *Septimius* was ſlain,
The Gallant *Pompey*! *Cæſar* did diſdain
To view the bleeding ſpectacle, which he
The coward had brought meritoriouſly.
But when the lovely *Titus* took his leave
Of earth, how did the valliant *Romans* grieve?
Com-

Complain, lament, weep, figh and mourne, one (man
Talks of the beauty of *Veſpaſian*,
A ſecond of his valour; tother he
Eſpecially applauds his clemency:
All of them pitty him, and none refuſe
To pay his hearſe a tear, but *Turks* and *Jewes*.
This was the burden of the ſong we find,
Titus *is dead, the darling of mankind.*
And ſhall we not with ſighs and tears deplore
The loſſe of her, we did e'rwhile adore (thou
So much? thou mortal Goddeſs why wouldſt
Forſake thy votaries? no prayer, no vow,
Detain thee here? or what wilt thou be gone
Fair deity, and leave us all alone? (ſhame,
But harke, whats that I hear for ſhame, for
Saith one! O thou moſt juſtly worthy blame
To mourne ſo much! alaſs, who is't is dead
A King, a Father? no a trifling maid:
Poor ſorry loſſe ſo much to be condol'd
A tale of eighteen years, at length is told.
But know, diſpleaſed ſtranger, that our loſſe
Is of a greater worth, than you ſuppoſe;
Equivalent it is unto the death
Of Princes, fathers, friends, heroick breath;
Nor *Pompey*, nor *Maſiſtius*, nor he
That was the formers foe and enemy
Fair *Amazon*, may be compar'd with thee.
True, they orecame the world victorious elves
And yet at laſt were overcome themſelves.
Pompey did bow to *Cæſar*, *Cæſar* to
A thing leſs fair and Vertuous than you.

Poor

Poor Conquerors are they, who after all
Battails and combates, by their paſſions fall.
But as for the brave ſoul thou didſt ſubdue
Thy ſelf the greater conqueſt of the two.
Thou wert no *Roman* born, yet didſt *command*,
Lead, and conduct that brave *Triarian* band.
Fear, love, and joy: who leads an hoaſt of Men
Comes ſhort of him, that rules a paſſion.
Did they triumph in deed, then cruelly
Bind the poor Captives to the Axle-tree
Of ſome torne Chariot? ſo marched on
Great *Cæſar* to his Coronation;
Why ſo didſt thou (having or'ecome the evil
Miſchevous world, fond fleſh, and crafty devil;
Beſides thoſe many gallant hearts, that went
Bleeding along, captives by accident
Sing triumph, while no ſorry oken bow,
Or withering Garland, fits upon thy brow:
But a rich crown of Glory, heavy, bright,
As are the Maſſy gold, and glittering light.
Was valliant *Titus* called by the blind
People, the pleaſure of all humane kind?
Then what the Vulgar folk ſpake haſtily
Of him, more truly may be ſaid of thee.
Ingenuouſly I do to all appeal
(That are not made of Adamant, and Steel)
Whether by vertue of her ſex, much more
Her radiant beauty (on no other ſcore
Then this) ſhe may not equitably clame
(As ſhe deſerves I'me ſure) the Very ſame
Title of honour? we're all of this mind,
She was indeed the pleaſure of Mankind.

The

The Fever.

MAd blood what makes the rage, what (makes the rave,
And fume like billowes of unruly wave?
Why run the flouds ſo high? or doth not he
Give check to little drills, that bounds the ſea?
Stop, furious Current, ſtop, we grant you can,
(Pleaſe it but you) delluge the Iſle of Man!
But yet by the fair mother of the ſea,
We conjure all the raſher waves to be
More civil; have a care you be not found
To far fair *Venus* on *Dianas* ground.
By all thoſe azure fetters, that were wont
To manacle the ſanguine *Helleſpont*:
By all the love knots, and by every charme,
That did intangle round about her arme:
By all the ſilken monuments, that ſtand
Eternal pillars of an Artiſts hand:
And by the bow that little *Cupid* (proud
Of his own promiſe) hung upon a cloud;
And if he drown'd the little world, he ſwore
Hee'd either break his bow, or ſhoot no more:
By all the good-will and reſpect you bear
To every thing that's beautiful and fair:
I charge you, I command you to depart,
And not raiſe ſtormes within ſo calme a heart.
'Tis pitty ſhe ſhould with the *ſtreams* go down
Wh'as rather *born* to burn (I think) then *drown*.

he

The Epigram.

THe men in *Arrian* that did uſe to pay
Homage unto the fever, as ſome ſay;
(Thanks to their ignorance) and by an odd
Devotion, made their diſeaſe, their God:
Miſchievous deity to be ador'd!
Much juſtly rather for to be abhor'd!
Had they but ſeen thee (bleſſed ſoul) lie under
That bad diſeaſe, (tranſported all with wonder.
And admiration, at the preſent ſence,
Both of thy courage, and thy patience)
They would I deem (yet more religiouſly,)
Have curs'd the fever, and have worſhip't thee.

Epigram.
Upon her dying at Tot-ten-ham High-Croſs.

THe Lady that this ſtone did truſt
With the Rich Treaſure of her duſt,
Was a younge Pilgrim, jogging on
The high way unto *Canaan*;

Who

Who having ſpent whole dayes and nights
In Travail, and in Chriſtian fights,
With much expence of time, and loſſe
She worſhipped before the Croſs:
And now with joy and Triumphs come,
And flouds of Tears, to her long home.

Upon her being interred at Iſlington.

KNow, ſtranger, ſhe (whoſe Reliques fill,
This cheſt, was going up the Hill,
The hill I ſay; for ſuch as them
We read ſurround *Jeruſalem*:
But being out of Breath, poor Elfe,
'Tis fain in (in the high way) to reſt its ſelf

Upon her dying in the country.

THis pretty Lady did repair
Into the Country, for to take the air:
But preſently ſhe met with death;
She took the Air indeed, but loſt her breath.

Upon

Upon her Willingneſs to dye.

SHe did remember her Creator in
The dayes of Youthfull Vanity and ſin:
And that was all the reaſon, ſhe was not
Unwilling to depart, and be forgot.

VIRGO DESPONSATA:

Or the

Married Virgin.

THis pretty, and fair Damſel, dy'd
A Virgin, and yet married;
Spending the moments of her Life
Betwixt the Maiden, and the Wife:
For ſuch without a fib was ſhe,
Her mirth was mixt with Gravity:
Fair ſhe was, not proud withall,
Familiar, yet majeſtical.
Prudence more youthfull did appear;
She was both courteous, and ſevere.
Youth on her pretty Cheek did ſit,
Andage was Tutor to her wit.

Her ſpeech a matron did betray,
While her Countenance, ſaid nay.
In ſhort, the roſe, and Lillies ſtrife
Were Emblems, of the maid, and wife.
And yet alaſs this is not all
The ſence is yet more myſtical.
How properly can ſhe be ſaid
To be a wife, and yet a maid?
To ſay a mother, that would be
Little leſs than blaſphemy;
To ſay a wife and maid, doth ſound
Like Riddles that are moſt profound:
Yet will I prove her ſuch a one
Grant me this ſhort diſtinction:
In ſome the Members to the body wed
In her, the members joyned to the head.

Upon Her departing this Life on the Lord's-Day.

SO ſtars deſert their Orbs, each puny light
Congey's, and ſtraight way bids the World
(good night;
And deem it manners for them to reſign
Their dwindling Tapers, when the ſun doth
(ſhine.

Thus

Thus our Obſequious Saint growes pale, her (fears
Approach, when th' Sun of Righteouſneſs ap- (pears:
And cauſe her eyes are dim, ſhe doth intreat
The ruder maskage of a winding ſheet;
Courting the Grave: for as *I* do ſuppoſe
She dy'd that very day our Saviour roſe.
Bleſt ſoul, didſt think thoſe eyes to weak to (look
Upon the ſun, and therefore haſt forſook
This lower World, becauſe you never can
Outvie the Eagle, will you act the ſwan?
Or wouldſt thou hereby tell us thou lay'ſt
In hope of bleſſed Reſurrection? (down
Or would not God till now thy ſoul receive?
Strange that thy Saviours Morne ſhould be (thy *Evel*
The Angel ſure that at thy window plyes
Miſtook the ſpirit for its ſacrifice:
Or was thy offering ſo Cordial
He could not take it, but the heart withall?
Or didſt thou dreſs thy ſelf like one that (mourn'd
And ſo wert into duſt, and aſhes turn'd?
Or tell me didſt thou hereby preach to all
The firſt day of the week's ſabatical?
Thy words have alwayes been receiv'd by me
Authentick, as the grand authority
Of Fathers, but e'r ſince this day, thy name's
More pret'ous than the Martyrs bonds, and (flames.

And now bleſt ſoul I would diſtill a tear
Upon thy Tomb, that never out ſhould wear,
But by continual lying thereupon
Should grow Eſſential with the marble ſtone;
And manifeſt to all, that ſhall deſcend
A loving Lady, and a faithfull friend.
Grief, do the beſt thou canſt; and ſorrow, pay
A figh more pure, and holy than the day.
May every verſe the ſullen Corps ſhall wear
Be chaſt like Doves, and innocent like her
If poſſible O God may every eye
Weep tears, and each tear be an Elegy!
That as of old, thou ruind'ſt with a flood
The World, becauſe their ſins did cry ſo loud;
So we, poor we, moſt miſerable Elves
In ſeas of briny tears, may drown our ſelves
For ſince our Vertuous *Gilliy's* gone away
There's neither ſun-ſhine left, nor ſabbath *day*

The Limbo.

LOrd ſhall I ſilent be, or uſe my tongue;
Her death commands a ſigh; thy day, a ſong
That I may pleaſe my God, and honour thee
I'l ſigh a Sonnet, ſing an Elegy.

The Evening.

THis Lady with the Sun did riſe
And run her race;
And with the Purple day, ſhe dies,
And maſks her face:
As if the lower bodies were
Tun'd to the Air.
In every thing, but this, they did agree
The Sun ſet in a Cloud, ſo did not ſhe.

Upon her departure on Sunday.

THis day it was on which Saint *John*
Injoy'd his Revelation;
I will not ſay herein may be
Seal'd up as great a Myſtery:
Nor will I boldly hence conclude
A likeneſs, and Similitude;
Except herein they both agree
He fell a ſleep, and ſo did ſhe:
And what Saint *John* did Revelations call
She termes a viſion beatifical.

The Bubble.

MAn is a bubble, and the the world a ſea,
Sickneſs a ſtorm, by whick the *bubbles* be
Scatter'd about, untill the waves do beat
Theſe orient Blifters to a watry ſheet:
Some perhaps their nodles ſhroud
In the Pent-houſe of a wave;
Others brained with a cloud,
Find a more untimely grave:
But all are gone
Before the winds are ſtill, and ſtorme is done

Apology.

THis pretty bubble, that appears
In ſight, roſe from a flood of Tears.

The Ring.

PRetty baubles thy intent
For to be a monument,

Of that Lady whoſe ſweet name
Is writ in thy golden frame?
By thy faſhion, and bend,
Thou ſhouldſt for a Cypher ſtand;
Such a Tombe was never known
As to be without a ſtone:
Herein yet I'le thee commend,
(Like an honeſt mindful friend)
Thou art at my fingers end.

The Funeral Solemnities,
OR
Upon Mr. Naltons *preaching Her Funeral Sermon.*

BLeſt ſoul thou didſt not want a ſigh, a tear
There's not an eye, but did bedew *thy Bier*,
They lov'd thee living, and when thou did die
Each heart was Mourner in a melting eye.
How did the Virgin ſigh, each cheek was pale
And did retire into its mourning vail,
As to a Sanctuary, for relief,
That hid its tears, but did diſplay its grief?
How did the Handmaids mourn? alas ſaith one
My Miſtreſs, O my pretty Miſtreſs gone!
Is this the laſt, the laſt time that I muſt
Dreſs her, and is it for a bed of duſt?

O

O were it for a Bridegrooms armes, and than
She kis'd the lips that could not kiſſ again!
How did the aged Matron muſing ſtand,
Then wringing earneſtly each feeble hand?
Strange world, ſaid ſhe, that ſuch a trunk as I
Should live, & ſuch a tender plant ſhould die!
Whilſt in a ſtiller voice the Father moans,
And ſpeaks a higher grief, in deeper groans.
Thus largeſt Rivers evermore do glide
Along the chanel, with the ſtilleſt tide.
But leaſt the tender hearted Mourner faint,
Or fear his grief ſhould be extravagant;
And ſo religious men ſhould judge it meet
He ſhould do penance in her winding ſheet;
Heaven ordained, that the Prieſt ſhould be
No other, then the weeping *Jeremie*.

The Charme

MAy thy duſt in quiet lie!
May thoſe peices never cry!
May no env'ous viper ſeek
To diſturb thy reſt and ſleep!
May no clowniſh foot e're tread
Too haſtily upon thy head!
Nor the craving Sexton thruſt
His ſhovel into liquid duſt!
Silent be the bell, and clock!
Speechleſs ſtand the early cock!

May the Prieſt (for all the year)
Whiſper naught but Common prayer!
And the pretty Gabling boyes
Say their books with little noiſe!
And if any ghoſt doth walk
Sleeping, let him ſoftly talk!
May the Violet appear
On thy grave throughout the year;
Water'd by a friendly tear!
Or ſuppoſe ſome marble ſtone
On thy forehead ſhall be thrown;
That thy vertues men may know
In the Spring, and Autumne to:
May the Marble handſome wear
For an age, not for a year!
But if ever heaven ſhall pleaſe
To reſtore the Sacrifice;
And good people tho'ut conſtraints
Honour their deceaſed Saints;
While the Fathers and Divines
Make rich altars of their ſhrines;
And thy little monument
Among others in be ſent
Conſecrate to that intent:
May upon each guilded ſphear
Doves be perching a all the year!
May the ſmoke and incenſe fray,
Dampes and moyſture from thy clay!
That ſo thou that knowſt no ſin
Mayſt know no corruption.

THE

The Conjecture.

IF any wonder wherefore ſhe
Did leave the world ſo ſoon,
Since ſtars do not ſet preſently,
Nor do the pretty flowers die
In *April* and in *June*.

2.

Know that it was her own deſire,
No force, nor yet conſtraint:
But ſo the little ſparks of fire
Are prone by Nature to aſpire
Unto their Element.

3.

While ſhe remained here below
And in a body went,
'Twas by compulſion we know:
For noble ſpirits dwell below;
As men in baniſhment.

4.

4.

No ſooner did the Heavens pleaſe
To open but a pore,
By ſome ſharp, piercing, hot, diſeaſe:
But ſtraight away the ſpirit flies
To the *Ilyzian* ſhoare.

5.

No ſooner did the Callenture
Set nature on a flame,
But lo away the ſubtle pure
Subſtance did run, its ſelf ſecure
By the light of the ſame.

The Gift.

TO God Almighty praiſe ſhe gave;
Unto her Father thanks;
Unto her brothers counſel grave,
Fitting their years and ranks.

2.

2.

Unto the Prieſt' too ſhe did give
Great ſatisfaction,
To all a pattern how to live,
To us inſtruction.

3.

Unto the Church ſhe gave her pray'rs,
Her bowels to the poor;
To all ſick perſons many tears,
To wounded ſpirits more.

4.

To every one ſhe gave his due,
Freely did ſhe diſpence;
Kept nothing for her ſelf in lieu;
But a good conſcience.

5.

Thus did ſhe give away ſomething
Or other unto moſt
She knew; untill at laſt poor thing,
It did give up the Ghoſt.

The Strife.

TWo Elemeuts as it appears,
Did fall together by the ears,
For the preheminence;
The fire would be predominant
Over the watry Element,
Thus did the fray commence.

2.

Srive did theſe two for many an hour,
With all their might, and ſtrength, and power
Untill at length the fire
Puffing and blowing uppermoſt
Did get, and having rul'd the roſt
Did of its ſelf expire.

Sundayes Sacrifice.

THis day Almighty God doth dain
Propitious ſmiles, to entertain
Devout ſouls, that in throngs do meet,
And with their tears beſiege his feet.

This

This little ſaint among the reſt
Of thoſe aſpiring ſpirits preſt,
And had delivered her pray'r
To ſome kind Angel that was there;
It ſeems her ſute was great, though ſhe
Her ſelf a little Votary:
'Twas not for riches, nor for means,
Nor honour, bubbles, points anſt pins:
Nor for a Husband neither, though
It be the beſt of things below:
No 'twas that God would then beſtow
Himſelf upon her, 'laſs poor thing!
So did the beggar court the King.
Thou frail, and ſinful, wrapt inſence
Her holy, infinite, immenſe.
A'ſoon may a cockle ſhell contain
The vaſt and boundleſs Ocean;
A'ſoon may a little pore of glaſs
The body of the Sun embrace,
As thou poor mortal ever be
Able to graſp the deity!
Yet out of love and tender care,
And leaſt the ſuppliant diſpair,
So kind is God ſo debonair,
He bowes his ear, and hears her pray,
Then anſwers her another way.
She beg'd *that he would pleaſe to give (poor elſe)*
Himſelf to her; he took her to himſelf.

THE PICTURE

Of that

RARE GENTLEWOMAN

Mrs. Sarah Gilly

Taken from the

GRAVE,

After a Half-years Burial

And preſented to her Father to be Hung among the Lineaments of her Surviving

BROTHERS.

The Curtain.

EXpect not Sir, that it ſhould e're be ſaid
The pictures lively when the Ladies dead:
Nor that the *painter* ſhould indulg your ſight,
That had no colours elſe but black & white.

I.

1.

Have you not ſeen a mournful Limner ſtand
Upon a Tomb, and with a trembling hand
Unglew a winding ſheet, that ſeems to be
Diſpleas'd, and ſtick at's curioſity?
Then with a weeping eye, & handſom grace,
Reſtore the Roſes to their antient place.

2.

Did you ne're ſee the coy *Ægyptian* dreſſe
The houſes of his dead with Cypereſſe?
Or view'd their Cemeteries, where doth ſtand
An Idol with his Urne, on either hand?
Or neerer home the valiant Roman place
The Statues of his dead in ſhrines of glaſs?

3.

Sweet Sir, I have endeavour'd as I can
To act the Painter and *Ægyptian*;
And have diſcended by a rough degree
Into the chambers of Imagery: (ſits
Thoſe darkſom rooms, where *death* inthroned
On heaps of ſculs, & perfum'd *winding ſheets*.

4.

And now good Lord, what faces do I ſee,
And all unknown, and yet they all agree?

Lo

Lo here a knot of ſerpents lodge, and there
A cheek is pitted with a marbles tear;
There lies a a rag of fleſh, and here a bone
Dropt from the frame of yonders Skeleton.

5.

Here lies an Irus ſtretched to the full
Dimenſions, and there lies *Cæſars* Scull;
Yonders a Coffin of the ſmalleſt ſpan,
And here the fragments of a full grown man:
And every face alike, and none can know
Which is a Virgin, which a friend or foe.

6.

Say King of Terrors where thy Princes are?
Or art thou turn d of late a Leviler?
Are Kings and Slaves alike? do rich and poor
Lies mixt together on the ſelf ſame floor?
Than Lovers you whom friends divided have
May chance to couple in the ſelf ſame grave!

7.

Long did I look about, long did I pleaſe
My phancy with ſuch ſpectacles as theſe;
While every nook and angle did ſupply
My ſight with pieces of mortality:
Here planeks of coffins lay, there *heaps of bones*
And ſculs, neglected like the clods and ſtones.

8.

'Mong many other things it was my chance,
(Whither conducted by ſome providence
Or other do you judge?) to glance mine eye
Upon a Coffin that it ſeems lay nigh
The charnal window, while a pleaſant ray
Of midday light ſhon on the ſullen clay.

9.

Kind beam ſaid I, *what makes the wandring* (here
Amidſt theſe damps & miſts, the dregs of air?
Or is that Cheſt with holy Reliques fil'd?
Whose ſacred crums are thoſe? what Prince or (Peer,
Count, Marqueſſe, Noble lies conceal'd here?

10.

Sure ſome great favourite! the obſequ'ous (lampe
That burnt in Tullias tomb *maugre the damp*
And clouds that from the charnal did ariſe
And the wet wals) fifteen long centuries;
Did not more honour and oblige her ghoſt
Then thou warm beamling this poor ſtranger (do'ſt.

11.

Thus courted I the beam, in the ſame wiſe
The ſullen heap: but neither ought replies.

Stu-

Stupendious ſilence, not a ſigh, a word,
No murmuring dril, no little pratling bird
Comes here: here only ghoſts & umbras walk
All the year long that neither ſtamp nor talk.

12.

Fain would *I* peep, fain would I know who (lay
In that cloſe cell, but that I dare not; ſay
Why ſhould not coffins there inſcriptions wear
When Ch'rurg'ons pots & Druggiſts boxes bear
The names of their Receits in gold: Ile be ſworn
Tis now no ſacriledge to ſplit an Urne.

13.

Avaunt fond fear *avaunt*! Ile ſe who lies
Within that coffer though I loſe my eyes;
Forth let the plague the fever and the pox
(The fatal treaſures of *Pandoras* box)
Evaporate! poor ſimple ſtratagem,
At worſt I can but die, and be like them.

14.

Snap ſay the wards, immediately up flies
The lid, next that the ſheet and ſearcloth lies:
Which with the ſame preſumpt'on I ungleu'd
With which the wanton, amerous, and rude
Gallant puts by the fond and buſy vail
That the fair Damſel guards her ſelf withall;

15

Than preſſeth to a cloſe: only that I
Flinch, ſtartback frighted from the object flie,
Than muſing ſtand ſometime: but if I dare
Peep's through the dark perſpective of a (tear,
Ne'r did I ſee a face, ſo maim'd, ſo worne,
So putid, livid, mortifi'd and torn.

16

The aged palfrey that but 'tother day.
(Rob'd of his skin) upon the common lay,
To greedy dogs, and hungry kites a prey
Was not a ſadder ſight: what fleſh can bear, (there
When wormes and Serpents wrigle here and
And ſuch baſt ſorded things thus domineer?

17.

Do I for lilies or for roſes ſeek?
Lo they are ſunk and bury'd in a cheek:
Or look I for an eye that is not hid,
And cloyſter'd up within a narrow lid: (penſ
Thoſe eyes that did e'r while, vouchſafe di
Both life and death, their proper influence.

88. Loo

18.

Look *I* for lips that did e'r while outvie
The Rubies, cherries, corral Tyrrian dye;
(day
How pale they look! thoſe locks that 'tother
Made ſport for wanton winds, and did bewray
(rings
Ten thouſand Cupids; thoſe fine Globes and
Crawle down her neck like ſnakes or ſuch
(black things.

19

Go I to kiſs her hand, lo it is bent
Or fild with wormes, that by no means reſent
Any corrival: but do bite the lip
Of him that would their balme and nectar ſip.
And when I lower go, a ſerpent lies
In ambuſh to correct laſcivious eyes.

20.

The pail and languid ghoſt that not long ſince
Broke from his grave, ſhook of his cords
(and flints;
Than wandred on the banks of *Lethes* brook,
(Sad and forlorn) did not ſo gaſhfull look
As ſhe; ſcarce was the ſhroud I weene ſo white,
So pale, as the incloſed Anchorite.

21. Thoſe

21

Thoſe breaſts that tother day did open lye
Like balls of ſnow, or buts of Ivory,
Circled with azure vains, with corral Tipt
Of whoſe ſweet Nectar never Baby ſipt;
Nor amerous God, conceal'd in a diſguiſe,
As when they do poor drouſie Nymphs ſur-
(priſe:

22.

(heaps, a crow'd
But now (good Lord)! what ſwarmes, what
Of wormes and ſerpents, all the ſlimy brood,
Hang on her paps draw nothing elſe but
(blood.
Such Leeches *Cleopatra* did apply
Unto her nipples, when great *Anthony*
Was ſlain, and hugging them did bravely dye.

23.

(dayes
You crooked Sextons that do ſpend your
In toling bells and digging graves; alwayes
In grots and cels; you that are daily fed
On Monuments, that live among the dead;
Till time and ſickneſs dig as I ſuppoſe
Graves in your faces nigh as deep as thoſe

24. You

24.

You make, ſay do the legleſs folk that dwell
In the dark central World thus rudely ſpoil
(ſmoot,
Poor humane nature? durſt they daub and
And ſmear his face (the craſh but of whoſe
(foot,
They feard e'r while) and feed upon that eye
Which not long ſince they did evade and flie?

25.

Yee wily Canabals forbear, forbear
Unſeemly holes in that ſoft skin to tear!
But if you muſt as what wormes can refuſe
To taſt that tender fleſh, yet don't abuſe
(rings,
It more then needs, make bracelets braids and
Spires, Globes, (proud ſlaves) theſe are fine
(harmleſs things.

26.

(pleaſe
And now good Lord what fools are we to
Our ſelves with ſuch deformed things as *theſe!*
To ſigh, to fawn, to court, to crouch, to kneel
To ſuch a lump of clay, a little while
And this fine thing which now you celebrate,
Applaud and worſhip, you will ſpurne and
(hate.

27.

Come hither whining Gallant come and ſee
What a poor relique 'tis you deifie (fice.
So much, who'od break his ſleep who'od ſacri-
His life? for ſuch a ſimple toy as this?
Than ſheath your ſwords fond dueliſts, or go
Fight with the wormes they are your rivals
(now!

28.

Here lies a ſcull perhaps; why ſuch a one
Is ſhe you court, when once her skin is gone;
When thou embraceſt, her, ſay what doſt kiſs
(My pretty bantling) ſuch a trunck as this!
This Ladies in diſhonour ſhe moſt brave
She lies upon a Couch this in its grave;

29.

Her roſes though her face themſelves diſperſe
This Ladies flowers do adorn her herſe:
Both fading are that bright and fulgent eye
Dimme as a ſoyled mirrour or the sky
Muffl'd in clouds, and this poor little wight
Is render'd black by each returning night.

30.

(wain
And by that time the ſun hath drove his
Thorough the ſignes and is return'd again;
Tis

Tis probable thy minion may be
Laid in her grave, lapt in deformity:
Then if you pleaſe into her vault to go
You'l find the picture of this face I know.

The Grant.

1.

THe ridgid *Spartan* that deny'd
An Epitaph to all that dy'd,
Such was his arrogance, ambition, pride;

2.

The raſh and peviſh *Puritan*
That holy ſelf denying man,
Great foe to order, ſuperſtition;

3.

That cries down ſhrines and mouuments,
Tombs, vaults as Romiſh tenements,
Harbors for owles and dragons not for Saints;

4.

Urnes, charnals, grots fit holes and rooms
For thredbere coules and ſtubbed brooms,
The devil dwelt we read among the tombs;

5. Had

5.

Had either of theſe twain come by
And view'd (but thy Cataſtrophy,)
How like a Saint and Martyr thou didſt die:

6.

Had they but ſeen thoſe flames of fire
Enough *Jobs* patience to tire,
And the fair confeſſor in them expire:

7.

I will not ſwear yet ſure I am (ſame,
They would with tears have quencht the
Or dub'd the Phenix, thy diſeaſe a flame.

8.

But if they could not ſo have done,
Thou being dead, wanting a ſtone
And monument; they would have wept the
(one.

The

The Fanatick.

1.

NO ſooner had the ſad and doleful newes
Of thy departure hence (bleſt ſoul) ar-
(riv'd
My ear; but like poor lunaticks that uſe
To be of ſence and reaſon both depriv'd,
Into the water, then the fire I fall,
Anger and ſorrow do poſſeſſe me all.

2.

'Fore e're that reaſon had reſign'd the ſway
And government, let looſe the golden reins
Paſſion forſooth would the protectour play,
Proud *Phaethon* that hath more guts then
(brains!
Each faculty did own his power and might,
And the whole court was turn'd a paraſite.

3.

Grief, anger, melancholy tother day,
Traytors & Rebels, now Lords Paramount,
While joy hope love are forced to obey,
That to command, and to give laws were
(wont; Thus

Thus was this little ſmall dominion
Of mine, within a trice turn'd upſide down,

4.

My ſences that the guard and yeomen be
Of royal Reaſon and his ſacred throne;
My members, ſubjects and the commonalty,
Were all confuſed and Fanatick grown,
As if theſe little and domeſtick crimes
Were th' copy, counterpart of worſer times.

5.

Mine eyes were turned Seekers, each did look
For quiet, reſt, though they ſcarce any got,
My tongue a Ranter would by no means brook
Reaſon, but arrows againſt heaven ſhot;
Satyrs, invectives on the ſtage appears
Each cheek was drencht & rebaptiz'd in tears.

6.

Mine ear was out of tune prefer'd the noiſe
Of guns before an organs pleaſant ſound,
The bellowing of drums and beardleſſe boyes
Before a treble or a baſe profound,
My taſt and pallat too were much miſled
And like the greenſick girl on aſhes fed.

7.

No words were ſpoke, no ſubject treated on
But beaſts and dragons ſuch prodigious (names,
And the black book of Reprobation,
Death, hel, the worm, and the infernal flames,
The griſly theams of *Beza*, *Calvin*, *Knox*,
Self murder is a doctrine orthodox.

8.

O cruel fates what have I ſaid or done?
Or did I ever raviſh veſtal, Nun?
Rip up my Mothers bely? to behold
The glomy regions where *I* lay enrold?
Or have I rob'd the tombs, or ſtole a croſs
Out of a dead mans arms, what wrong or loſs
Have you ſuſtain'd by me, ye heavenly powrs?
Dark be my day, few be thoſe tedious hours!
I never did in Royal blood beſmear
My hands, then waſh e'm in a widows tear:
But while I thus complain, lament, and crie,
A voice unto my ſorrovv did reply,
Peace angry fool! peace, let no more be ſaid,
Thy ſtar, thy Goddeſs, and thy monarches (dead:
And ſhe (fond vaſſal) that thou doſt allovv
To govern thee, is an Uſurper novv.

To the Honour'd Memory of that Vertuous Gentlewoman, Mrs. Sarah Gilly ; *who died at* Tottenham, Auguſt 14. 1659. *in the flower of her Age.*

Elegy.

FAre well Fair Virgin, may my tender eyes
Melt into tears to mourn thy Exequies :
Sweet bud of Nature, cropt before thy time,
By deaths rude hand, not come unto its prime:
Whoſe Fragrant beauty did affect the eye
Of each beholder, in its native dye;
Pitty it was thy glaſs of life was run
Quite out, before we though 'twas well begun;
Muſt that fair, lovely Fabrick than be made
A prey, for the devouring wormes to invade?
Muſt thoſe bright Eyes which dazled every ſight
Be now lockt up in a perpetual night?
Muſt that ſweet body, beautiful, and Chaſt
Now by pale death untimely be embra'ct?
Muſt that cold grave be now thy Bridall bed?
Where wormes muſt Rifle for thy Maiden head?

Let

Let no Relation Mourning Robes put on
For *Sarah's* but to *Abrahams* boſome gone;
Than be not troubled for death only came
To call her to be marri'd to the lambe;
Where more to grace the high ſolemnity
The Virgin *Mary* will her Bride-maid be.

P. Calfe Eſquire.

An Epitaph on Mrs. Sarah Gilly.

HEre lies interr'd beneath this ſtone
The Abſtract of perfection;
If I ſhould go about to tell
What Rare Indowments here did dwell,
I ſhould be ſhort in her Juſt praiſe
And leſſen what I meant to raiſe;
Engage ſome Poet *Laureat*, He
Only can write her Elegy:
Weep not dear friends, for ſhe's above
Eſpous'd to her Celeſti l Love.

P. Calfe Eſquire.

An Anagram.
Upon the death of Mrs. Sarah Gilly.

WHilſt grief of friends outcries *Oh* Sarah (Gilly!
The Soul in Bliſs replies, Ah I ſhall glory! (plore
SIlence your ſorrowes friends, ceaſe to de-
AS without hope ſince I'm but gone before;
RAther congratulate my bleſs'd condition,
AM ſnatch'd from vale of tears to Heavens (fruition;
HEre in the boundleſs Ocean of Delights
GAin I the viſion of Celeſtial ſights;
IMmortal theſe my joyes, & though my duſt
LIes under ground, its but laid up in truſt,
LIſtning the Call to endleſſe life till when
YEt but a while, and I ſhall Glory then.

By Mrs. Devall.
SARAH

The laſt Will and Teſtament of Mrs. Sarah Gilly.

I *Mprimis* to Almighty God
The centre, fountain, reſt, abode
Of ſeperate ſouls; I do commit
My ſpirit: He will conſerve it
Untill the great and finall day
Do dawn, ſouls reaſſume their clay.
Item my body *I* bequeath
Unto the grave, to wormes beneath;
And all that ſilence which attends
Our Anceſtours, inhumed friends:
Both good, and bad, diſloyal, juſt;
Aſhes to aſhes, duſt to duſt.
Item my goods and chattels thoſe
At leaſt that are at my diſpoſe,
(For Lands and Moneys I have none
Or if I had 'tis plainly known
To all, an Heir in nonage may,
Bequeath, will none of them away;)
Thoſe coſtly works and cabinets,
Pictures in ſilk, and ſmooth conceits,
Stories of ſheepheards, and their meeds,
Of wandring Knights and their brave deeds,
Of fairy Queens, of Angels caught
In ſilken nets, dire battails fought

In pin cushons, here Castles stand,
There Bridges founded by this hand
Of mine; such pieces as imply
A little ingenuity,
To my dear Father them I give,
And O that he would but receive
Such trivial homespun course and rude,
Expresses of my gratitude.
Item my jewels, bracelets, rings,
Beads, curles, and those misterious things,
With every knot, spire, globe, and net,
Blown up and down my cabinet;
All them I give and if they were
Ten times more pretious then they are,
To my dear brothers for whose good,
I would not spare to spill my blood:
Perhaps when they look down and see
Their fingers they will think of me.
Item I give my houre glasse,
And all the sands that through it passe,
Say they were Gold, to these subjoyne
My looking glasse, which I assigne
Unto those soft, nice, stately, fair,
Damsels and Mistresses that were
My Comerads but some moneths ago,
But now must leave 'em here below;
Tell 'em *I* counsel 'em, to pass,
To meet their hours by this glasse;
This done, with clean unbribed hands,
To count their errors by the sands:
And if the looking glasse may be
A mirrour of mortality,
It is enough my God for me.

Item

Item my pray'r book and its caſe,
Unto the Vicar of the place
I give; but with it this command
That he preſume upon no hand
To look off, not for's ears leaſt he
Chance to forget both it and me.
Item my thimble, bodkin thoſe
Pieces of plate, *I* do diſpoſe
Of to my Maid, a charge withall,
She ſend 'em not to *Weavers-hall*:
I ſhould be loth upon my word,
My bodkin ſhould commence a ſword;
Whether or no ſhe think of me,
It matters not much, if ſo be
They may promote good huſwifery.
My vail, my fanne, my gloves, my hoods,
*S*kreens, coverts, ſweet bags, ſilken clouds,
For face and hands, ſoft refuges
For little ſmiles and bluſhes, theſe
I will, bequeath and hereby give
To ſome poor femal Relative
Of mine, who when ſhe caſts an eye
On theſe black rags may mourn and cry.
Item my purſe and all its ſtore
I do bequeath unto the poor;
Wiſhing that it were ten times more.
The ſtrings, you may beſtow withall!
Upon ſome fooliſh prodigal,
Or other; every ſigh and tear
Fetcht and let fall the former year
I give unto the deſolate
Torn, ruin'd Brittiſh Church and State:

If possible may they her rent
And broken towres and walls cement!
And now all's gone and I poor Elfe
Have nothing left me but my self
To give away, and scarcely that
The fever is so strong; yet what
Hinders but that I also may
Divide, than give my self away?
Some people when they come to age
Do give themselves in marriage;
Others as yet but young and rude
Do give themselves in servitude:
And pray why may not *I* bequeath
And give away my self in death?
To *Cupid* then I give my eyes
Mine ears to justice and its cries;
My tongue to fame, my hands and deeds
To Widdowes, Orphans and their needs;
My constancy to women, truth,
To Courtiers, to fools my ruith:
My faith *I* give to Romish Saints,
My Charity to Protestants;
My Chastity to Nuns and Friers,
My Modesty to Travilers;
My moderation, Patience,
To Gamesters and poor supplyants;
My Credit unto Merchants, Wealth
To Poets, sickness want of Health
To Doctors and my ignorance
I give unto our talking Saints;
And if I have left any more
Of these I give as heretofore.

I fly,

Laſtly for thee that ſit'ſt behind
The Curtain, and doſt take my mind
Art witneſſe, to my Will, young man
I give to thee thy heart again,
Thy heart I ſay the which you know
You gave to me ſome years ago:
Then I took't thou't pride and ſcorne,
And now I ſaſely it return
But with this favour Courteous elfe,
Hence forward thou ſhalt keep't thy ſelf.

SARAH GILLY.

Anagram.

ELEGI ARAS.

I have choſen thine Altars.

THe Altar of mans heart did not this priſe
Deſerve? no no ſhe was a ſacrifice,
Reſerved for the Altars are above;
Shee there Othere hath choſe to fix her love.

J. Newton D. D.

The Little Gentlewoman of Great Parts.

MAkes Madam Nature globs and Maps,
Since in ſo little ſpace ſhe wraps
So much? or is the world diſperſt
Into her Atomes as at firſt?
Or tell me is't a pretty trick
Of Natures new Arethmetick?
Though all the World ſet after thee
The figure nothing ſignify.
Or ſtriv es ſhe in a leſſer piece
To bind up all the Sciences?
Or would ſhe with *Tradiskin* ſhut
The Patriarchs into a nut?
Or ſay you do'ſt her humour pleaſe
To make Aldermen of Flees?
Or tell me would ſhe couch and damn
All wit within an Epigrame?
Strange that ſo vaſt a ſoul as thine
Should in ſo ſmall a circle ſhine!
Thus pretty pearls that uſe to dwell
In little cottages of ſhel,
Quarries of flint and Marle excell.

Cupid

Cupid's Tombe.

CUpid is dead and gone: even he whose dart
Could penetrate an adamantine heart;
He who wounded with his bow
Mirriads is deaths Trophe now;
He who us'd to flie away
Swifter then the winged day,
Lies here in *Arabian* clay;
He's ſlain himſelf
Inhumane elfe!
And lo
His bow
Is yonder hung,
Unbent, unſtrung:
Never more ſhall cruel dart
Wound, torment a Loyal heart,
For God *Cupid* now a fart!
But how came death to conquer him
That over *Lethe* us'd to ſwim,
And court the dint of ſwords, I'l tell you how
Death wounded *Cupid*, with poor *Cupid*'s bow.

The Accident.

IN the ſame pages Reader you may ſee
Love dead, and beauty in deformity:
As if the Author did hereby preſume
Where beauty dies *Cupid* will have his tomb.

A word of Counſel.

Death courts not beauty, nor will he allow
The female Sex a kiſs, a cringe, a bowe,
But overturneth with a ſuddain whirle
The pride, hope, folly, of a *Cyprian* Girle.
Ladies may make Lovers pine,
Weep, languiſh, and conſume away,
Delluge themſelves in Optick brine,
Never enjoy a happy day;
Death will not be
Deceived by them and made a fool as we.

The 'ευθανασία

PIſh ſhe ſleeps! or elſe I dream,
Playes the wag, doth only ſeem
Dead: thus little children uſe
Their fond Mothers to abuſe,
Hold their breath, and die away,
Being once deny'd their play.

Say

Say her eyes are ſhut poor wight,
So are theſe ſhut every night:
But it ſeems her breath is gone,
Nor do perſons in a ſown,
Or a fit convulſion;
Trance or ſuch like breath I ween
At leaſt ſo as to be ſeen:
Men in cold and clamy ſweats
Or in Apoplectick fits
Breath not: yet's to be admir'd,
People ſay they are expir'd.
But do ſouls their bodies leave,
And no more complain and grieve?
Or is't nothing elſe to die,
But look wann and ſhut the eye?
Some men groan. and ſigh, complain,
Tumble here and there again;
Struggle, ſweat or hugely burn,
Sometime ſing and ſometime mourn,
Eye ſtrings crack and Jawes do fall,
Heart ſtrings break and fail with all,
While a cloud of moyſture lies
In a circle 'bout their eyes:
But bleſt ſoul in thy diſeaſe,
I remember none of theſe,
No ſuch pangs or agonies;
Therefore ſcarce can *I* be led
To believe that ſhe is dead.
If ſhe's gone, ſhe's ſtole away,
Made no noiſe or delay:
As for Anguiſh ſhe had none
Not a tear, a ſigh, a groan;

Some-

Something hot ſhe was to day,
The next morning cold as clay:
How came death thus to befriend
This fair Lady in her end?
Some ſay Death hath loſt his ſting,
Ever ſince the waspiſh thing
Did it at our Sav'our fling;
Others ſay and do ſay right
Death hath too his favourite:
But my friend whether or no
Theſe aſſertions be ſo,
'T matters neither me nor you.
Shall *I* wiſh that thee and *I*
May ſo meekly, gently die?
That none of us may be hurl'd
In a ſtorme out of the World?
No I'll rather pray that we
May all live ſo piouſly;
Free from vice, from ſin, and evill:
The ſuggeſt'ons of the devil,
He that lives ſo, need not fear
But that he ſhall ſo expire.

The Triumph of Death, AND The Teares of a Friend

At the early departure of Mrs Sarah Gilly, *the Daughter of my Noble Honoured Friend,* Matthew Gilly Esq. *out of this lower into a better World.*

In a Double *Anagram.*

1. *The Triumph of Death.*
SARAH GILLY.
Anagram 1. Ha Lily Gras.

Death proud of ſuch a prize, tranſported was
With joy: & thus brake forth, *Ha Lily Graſſe.*

2. *The Tears of a Friend,*
SARAH GILLY.
Anagram 2. Ah Lily Gras.

This *Gilly* flow'r, a *July* flower was:
Her fading let's lament, *Ah Lilly Graſſe.*
In all accompliſhments ſhe did ſurpaſſe:
Well may we then lament, *Ah Lily Graſſe.*

Tho. Symſon M. A.

Some

ELEGIES

Upon the death of

Mrs. Sarah Gilly Widdow.

Written

By the moſt Ingenious Gentlewoman

Mrs. *Deval*,

Daughter to the late Lord Biſhop of *Briſtow*.

TRiumphant ſoul! whoſe happy race is run,
Thy warfare ended, and thy conqueſt won.
Whilſt we poor mortals here ſurvive in toyle
Alwayes encountring, oft receiving foil.
Thou wear'ſt the long white robe; whilſt we remain
Poluted ſo, each moment addes a ſtain.
Thou dwel'ſt in *light*, where *glory* doth *abound*;
Whilſt works of darkneſs ſtill beſet us round;
Thou doſt adore the *Lamb*, *World* without *end*,
We in this World do nothing but offend.
Thou *wear'ſt* th' *immortal crown* read'ſt the new name,
Our guilty faces cover'd ſtill with ſhame.
Thou rais'd to *Heaven*; we grovel here *below*,
We ſin and *ſorrow*; Thou doſt neither know.

So

So different our Eſtates, yet ne'rtheleſs
We envy not *though towards* one *State we preſs.*
It is thy *bliſs* thou changed, art made free,
It is our *wiſh to change*, and be like Thee.
Towards which, thine aid we do not *invocate*,
But graſp thy pattern for to immitate.
In ſult not death as Conquerour become,
Boaſt not a *captive took*, and now *brought home!*
Thou did'ſt but catch her cloaths, ſhe made (eſcape,
And gain'd eternal freedom by thy rape.
Her duſt ſhook off, her luſtre ſo excels,
Her glorious ſoul in light tranſcendant *dwells*:
Where ſhe before convers'd, doth now recide;
Reigns with the Lamb, triumpheth with the bride.
Thus gains ſhe by her change, for hence tranſlated,
Her faith is crown'd, her hopes conſummated.
'Tis we (injurious death) thou doſt deprive;
The loſs ſuſtain her friends that yet ſurvive,
More worth then tears expreſs, or ſighs can (vent.
Nor can repaired be, till thou conſent
To bring us alſo to that place af bliſs,
We then (and not till then) ſhall ceaſe to miſs.
Mean time ſecure her aſhes, till the day
Wherein thou muſt thy ſacriledge repay:
And for amends, cauſe now thou doſt with- (hold,
Shalt then reſtore it better'd manifold.
Lament not friends, ſhe is not wholly dead;
Her memory ſurvives, holds up its head.

De-

Devotion leaves a print on ſacred floor,
Her charity yet lives among the poor;
Her wiſdom ſhines, improv'd to each relation,
Her love to *Heav'n*, in Earths free reſignation.
Her other Virtues make harmonious ſound,
By truths report, and honours quick rebound.
(Tears,
Thus ſpeaks ſhe yet, though dead to dry the
Wherein the loſs of ſuch a worth appears:
And further ſeems to ſay; You that affect
My memory, or ever do expect,
To ſee my face, purſue that happy tract
Wherein I walk'd, and do as I did act!
So ſhall my virtues be immortaliz'd
Jehovah praiſed, and you exerciz'd.
Till we ſhall *meet where* I ſhall *ſhine moſt bright*,
As having been a ſtar to give you light.
Ye monſtrous ſons, whoſe rage inveterate
The femal ſex doth ſtill calumniate.
(came,
Forgetting quite from whom your beings
Requiting ill their ſufferings for the ſame,
Hence bluſh in ſilence, or convinc'd, confeſs.
Here's an example that requires no leſs.
This Saint departed, can your never name
But to her ſexes honour, and your ſhame.
Her ſtory ſhall ſuffice to tye your tongues,
An argument to vindicate their wrongs,
(too few,
Your anſwers gueſs'd, 'mong women ſuch
They yield it, but retort it back to you.

How

How many found among the maſculine
Fall ſhort of this perfection feminine,
This emulation on both ſides remov'd
The future times would be the beſt improv'd,
In following th' examples of the beſt
And charitably cenſuring the reſt.

Upon the time of her death, it being the middle of October. 1660.

THat loyal Soul, who had ſo oft deplor'd
The times defection, ſaw great *Charles* re-
(ſtor'd.
By him Religion cheriſh'd, truth profeſs'd,
Virtue encourag'd, Wickedneſs ſuppreſs'd.
She liv'd to ſee the lawes again take place,
Good men in pow'r; Uſurpers in diſgrace.
The loyal ſufferers own'd for deſert,
And Traitors left to feel condigne ſmart.
Theſe having ſeen, (as though ſhe did deſire
On earth to ſee no more) did then expire.

On the place of her death.

AT *Tot'nham high-croſs we* ſuſtain'd this loſs,
She, gone on high, left us *to* bear the croſs.

Oh

O happy place, and yet unfortunate
Two *Sarah Gillys* there deceas'd of late!
Happy to them, aſcended thence to heaven
Unhappy we whom death hath ſo bewreaven.

An Epitaph, *and* Acroſtick.

S Ever'd from earth this pretious ſoul is (fled
A Bove the cares, mortality hath bred, (ſtated
R Ais'd to celeſtial joyes, 'mong Angels (proſtrated
A Dores Heavens King, before his throne (now wears
H Ath fought good *fight*, *triumphant crown*
G Iv'n to poſſeſs eternity of years;
I Njoying there the preſence of her (Maker
L Eaves here her duſt in hope to be par- (taker,
L Ending example worth our beſt endea- (vour
Y Eilding a fragrant, acceptable Savour.

An

The Authour to the Incomparable Mrs. Deval ; *upon his inſerting Her Verſes into His Poems.*

SAy fair Lady from what Sphere
How thoſe Numbers you ſhed here ?
None but Heaven could diſpenſe
Such a potent influence :
Each Verſe doth us overcome ;
Admiration ſtriks us dumb.
Bravely did *Ulyſſes* fight,
Well deſerved He brave wight ;
Stoutly did the Loyal boy
Guard, defend beſieged *Troy* ;
Yet had neither of 'em been
Half ſo eminent (I ween)
Had not *Homer*'s, *Virgil*'s layes
Been the Trumpets of their praiſe.
That this Rev'rend Matron did
Merit all that can be ſaid,
Was both pious, juſt and chaſt,
Charitable to the laſt.
By none but her ſelf ſurpaſt,
All men know : but yet *I* may
(Thou't diſcredit to her ſay)
Peace betide that pretty ſhe
That did write her Hiſtory !

Bleſſing on the ſmooth face Prieſt
Laid her pious ſoul to reſt!
May a Pyramid no leſſe
Light on thee fair Poeteſſe!
May'ſt thou when thou com'ſt to die
Never want an Elegie!
May tears trickle down thy ſhrine
'Cauſe thou wert ſo free of thine!
But Good Madam how come you
To make one of us I trow?
Poetry of late hath been
Call'd a gay, and ſplendid ſin;
To be witty in a rime
Had been thought a deadly crime;
And the Muſes with their lies,
Gypſies, Knaves, and Harlatries:
Theſe are bright and Goſpel dayes;
Laurel is as bad as bayes:
Chriſtmas, Carrols, both be gone
Truth allowes no fiction!
What's *Parnaſſus* hill (by *Jove*)
But ſome Idol field or grove:
What are Bardes and Poets too?
Such Idolaters as you.
Strange that you and I ſhould meet
Madam, in the ſelf ſame ſheet!
Stranger yet by far, than either!
Twine our little feet together!
Some will ſay our Verſes be
A ſpurious brood of poetry;
And thy husbands forehead will
Be eſteem'd the Twifort'ſt hill:

What

What men ſay, or ſhall award
You nor I do much regard.
Need I bid ſuch perſons go
View my heat, and thy deep ſnow?
Need I read to them and thee
Lectures of my modeſty?
Let 'em prattle all the while
You and I will ſit and ſmile:
So do Angels in the Clouds
Stand and view the plots and feudes,
Strifes, and Plots, and ſuch as them
Between us poor mortal men:
Then they laugh and bleſſe themſelves,
Pitty us poor trifling Elves.
Shall I then go ſit me down
Blazon thy Eſcutcheon?
Or diſpute in Verſes lighter:
The diſtance 'twixt Crown and Miter?
Shall I tell the ſons of Laughter
That thou art a Prelates daughter?
Famous *Weſtfield* was thy ſire:
Or ſhall I go and enquire
Whether thou wert borne a Poet,
When it matters not we know it?
Or if Grief and Paſſion
(As ſome talk) have made thee one?
No I need not, 'tis confeſt
Of all Poets thou art beſt;
And *Apollo* for thy Layes.
Might beſtow on thee the Bayes.
Many Poets of great fame
Have (I ſwear) been much to blame:

Some ye moſt of 'em I ween
Are ſcurilous, or obſcene;
Others very dull, the times
Yield us ſtore of Hymnes and Rhimes:
Some do bite, and others claw;
And the reſt not worth a ſtraw;
Some are pious and yet plain;
Others witty yet prophane;
Some do proſtitute their Muſes
Put up on 'em great abuſes;
Others two as bad I deem
Do make Monks and Nuns of them:
Few I think obſerve a right
Juſt decorum as they might.
But I dare ſay Madam you
Are both Godly, witty too;
Thickſculd wiſdome, and the othe r
Thomas Sternhold his ſworn brother;
Learned *Jeffry*, merry *Ben*
Spencer, *Davenant*, ſuch as them
(Had they been alive to ſee
Pretty one thy Poeſie)
Would I think have loved thee.
Only tell me why you pleaſe
Your ſelf with ſuch ſongs as theſe
Dirges, Epods, monodies?
Methinks Eglogues, paſtoralls
Carrolls, catches, madrigalls
Would have better ſuited you
Poet, and Muſitian too.
No more look thoſe lips ſo pale;
Throw away that Cypreſs vail;

Girt

Girt thy Temples with a wreath
Of freſh lawrel, vulgar breath
Shall preſerve your name I trow
While Moons wain, or Rivers flow.
Sing of ſtrages and of wars,
Bloudy Duels, civil jars
Wandring Knights and their brave deeds
Baſe Aſaſſines and their meeds,
Proſp'rous Rebells, martyr'd Kings
Exil'd Peers and ſuch brave things;
Sing of Churches without Spyres,
Broken walls, prophaned Quires;
Temples that once ſtables were,
Horſes here and there a mayer;
Write of ſuch black things as theſe
If you affect Tragedies.
Or ſay you do here deſiſt
Then go turn a Satyriſt,
Make invectives bitter rhimes,
In Jambicks ſcourge the times;
Now of modern vices write
Than depaint a parraſite,
Or if you diſpoſed are
Add to him a Uſurer,
Some ſuch griping chuffe, withall
Don't forget the prodigal:
Shew our Hectors, and Buffoons
How they jet, in Panteloons
Ask 'em, ask 'em Madamwhither
Their minds or their plumes of feather
Lighteſt be? ask how it haps
Engliſh men are french men's Apes?

They will bluſh perhaps to ſee,
Themſelves ſo ingeniouſly
Laught at and reprov'd by thee,
Or if you do pleaſe go vex
Chide them Madam of your ſex!
Tell 'em how the hours paſs
Bid 'em more regard their glaſs,
Leſſe the flatring mirrour; why?
Cauſe it tells 'em many a Lye:
Bid 'em bluſh my pretty Saint
When they dare to patch or paint;
Say they ſpeck'ld ſerpents are
Call 'em rotten Sepulchres;
Blame 'em for their powder'd creſts
Naked necks and plumped breaſts,
Tell 'em, tell 'em how each ſhoe
Talks, and prattles as they go;
Jear 'em with their peacocks tails
Tell 'em they will ſerve for vails;
Chide aloud and do not ſpare
Tell 'em that they wormes meat are;
Clods of Earth inform'd with air.
But if they do not regard
What thou ſayſt my pretty barde!
Get thee to ſome ſhady tree
Beech, or Poplar, mulbery;
Nigh ſome chiding torrents ſide,
Where the waves in murmure glide:
There in moſt patherick rhimes
Moan the vices of the times.
Pray the heavens for to ſpare
Such black ſinners as we are!

Pray

Pray 'em, pray 'em leaſt the ſpheres
Tumble down about our ears:
So Ingenious Madam you
Shall be Prieſt and poet too.

AN

ELEGY

Upon the

Ingenious and hopeful young GENTLEMAN

Mr. *William Gilly.*

I.

I Knew it would be thus! and my juſt fears
Of thy departure, were improv'd to tears;
Yet flow they not from any baſe diſtruſt
Of a fair name, or that any honour muſt
Now languiſh with thy th col d, & ſpeechleſs duſt;

2.

But so th' Ingenious Swain that to'ther day
Vieu'd the Tall *Cedar* his curl'd foretop lay
Nigh to the centre, did let fall a tear;
(to hear
Chid the fierce blustring north, and griev'd
The pale and sighing Leaves trick here and
(there.

3.

Inhumane death, can nothing bribe or please
Thy pallat but the bones of such as these?
Or do not crowdes of lean and meagre souls
(That dwell in spittles, hospitals and goals)
Court thee, first Cosins to the bars, and
(moles!

4.

Great *Hercules* 'tis true the Poets say
Did strangle serpents, and dread *Hydras* slay
In's cradle: but thou on the contrary
Murder'st poor innocents can only crie
And bleed, and mourn and pitty begging
(die.

5.

Twas not long since thou stabst us to the heart
Ravish'dst our darling thence; we feel the smart!

For

(eyes,
For all thoſe tears that trickl'd down our
For all our loud and hidious ſhrieks and
(cries,
And in a cold and ſilent vault ſhe lies.

6.

But that's not all! as if he had not made
Us miſerable yet, ſcarce was ſhe laid
To reſt, but lo the pale face Raviſher
Grim Aſſaſſine! doth alſo rend and tear
Out of our Armes, the hopefull Son and
(heir.

7.

The world ſcarce knew him yet! his early ſoul
Had but juſt peep't abroad, and rather ſtole
A ſight than gave one, ſcarcely had he ſhook
(look
The ſcholeboyes fetters off, and now could
Sans ſpectacles, read 'thout a conſtruing
(book.

8.

His time computed right did ſcarce alaſs
Make eighteen years: nor was his hour glaſs
A quarter run: though in that little ſpan
And inch of time, he wrote himſelf moreman
Then they upon whoſe heads, deep ſnowes
(have lain.

9.

O bleſſed ſoul that wer't inrich'd with all
Beauties acquir'd, morral, natural,
Nor the fair lovely *Titus*, nor the youth
That won the *Spartan Queen* to for ſit *truth*.
Might *vie with thee*! *the more, the more's our*
(*ruith*;

10.

But he is dead, and 'tis in vain to mourn,
For what we cannot help! whoſe lot and turn
(years
Tis to ſucceed God knows: our dayes and
Are numbered, man like *Auroras* tears,
Or *Aprils* ſun now ſhines, then diſappears.

11.

Let *Brackmans* Turks, *Gynoſiphiſts* dark ſlaves,
Sigh till their loins do break, how'l o're the
(graves
Of their dead friends, then in deſpair ſit
(down
Say they ſhall never ſee 'um more, now gone
To *Stygian* ſhades, but let not *Chriſtians*
(moan!

12.

Peace to that ſacred heap, the ſame I truſt,
Likewiſe attends the neigbouring ſiſter duſt!
Bravely

Bravely concluded that thoſe two that *come*
Out of one loyne, lay cradl'd in one womb
Should ſnug together in the ſelf ſame tomb.

13.

And when the Angel ſounds his Trumpe, and (calls
On marble ſhrines, and adamantine walls
For to reſign and he that was a prize,
To a hard flint for years, for centuries
Shall cloth himſelf with ſinews, fleſh, arriſe:

14.

Thanmay theſe two, ſit upright in *their graves*
Know one another, merry, ranſom'd ſlaves,
Scramble for duſt, and dreſs their bodies by
The little Mirrour of each others eye,
Then hand in hand, tread and aſcend the (ſky!

15.

Where may the farr removed ſtrangers meet
The *Waltham* Abyſſines, then ſmiling greet
After ſo long an exile, Mother, ſon,
Grandmother, daughter, brother, every one
With joy waiting their corronation.

A

LETTER

Wrote to the

GRAVE and RELIGIOUS

Gentlewoman

Mrs. SARAH GILLY

WIDDOW:

Upon the Deceaſe of one of Her Grandchildren.

HEaven bleſs your wits dear Madam here's (a ſad
Tryal enough to make a wiſeman mad!
A croſs would gaul the ſhoulder, try the ſence
Of Stoicks though they were all patience:
Thus the high *Atlas* groand & figh'd they ſay
When the great Globe upon his ſhoulder lay.
Madam we ſtand amazed how you live,
Much more to hear that you do only grieve,
Nay which is more that one ſo delicate,
So ſoft, ſhould grapple with ſo hard a fate,
Limit its grief, and paſs'on moderate.

Fai

Fair Stoick I adore thee, kiſs thy hand
Ten thouſand times, with admiration ſtand
Gazing upon thee : verily your vail
Becomes you well, ſable's aſoil to pale,
But give me leave to ſay I ne'r did ſee
Leſs paſſion, and more ſorrow, piety
Governs thy grief, yet ſhewes thee what to do
Curbs ſorrow, yet withal commands it too
Religion (as ſome have dar'd of late
For to affirme) doth not eviſcerate
The man or petrify the heart no no
Allowes the grief and makes it ſacred too:
Nor are they alwayes ſaddeſt hearts that riſe
And ſhew themſelves ſo quickly in the eyes:
Theſe are the ſtormes of women, funerals
Softly proceed, a ſolemn huſh appalls,
The throng, the'r ſhallow brooks wea lldoknow
That chide the banks & murmur as they flow.
Bluſh then you humerous Stoicks her's a Saint
Acts and performes what you did only paint!
True you diſcourſed very well upon
The Theory, bearing affliction,
Of patience, humane fortitude and all
Thoſe moral graces as you them do call,
You ſay the World is but a ſtorme, and life
A daily ſhipwrack, loſs of friend or wife,
Children, Relations, Kinsfolk in one word
The caſting of the luggage over board;
You ſee men dye and then you ſmiling ſay
The tapers ſnuft, the pris'ners got away;
If dangerouſly ſick, why then *I* fags
The ſhell wil break, the man will wear his rags

No

No longer when he's dead and gone I trow,
The waggoner will crie no more Ge ho:
These are your fine allusions thus you sport
Ingeniously with death, and the grave court.
In the mean while, were they but cast themselves
Upon a bed of langvishment poor elves,
How pale they look how sad? alas, fond man
He would be riding in the storme again,
And some moneths longer he would drive (the wane!
But so the cock pearch'd on the tree spar'd not
To taunt the Fox, the *Gallus* well did wot
That Reynard had no wings: but had he been
At the barne door or In the field (I ween)
It would have cut his comb, without delay
He would have made his peace, or slunk away.
But thou brave soul dost neither fear to die
Thy self, and scorns no less to weep and crie (man
Over thy daughters grave: she's more then
Though well improv'd, say she's all christian.
O how the heavens smile, how it doth please
The Gods we acquiesce in their decres!
None was mor apt to weep, to wail, to mourn
For wicked friends, with hair dishelv'd and (torne
Solicite heaven than she, and if it shall
Please God to give 'um grace, himself and all
The richest portion! let 'em live or die
She smiles, he gives and takes, does she re- (ply.

Ride

Ride on triumphant ſoul, I ſay ride on
Tread phancy down, and make proud paſſion
Truckle beneath thy foot, O mayſt thou be
A patterne to thy ſexe, to them and wee!
That when thou co m'ſt to dye the time that (ſome
In ſobs and ſilence ſpend (when they all come
Nigh to the ſilent grave) may rather be
Spent in ſweet Songs, and Elogies of thee.

To my Honoured Coſin Mrs. Sarah Gilly; *upon the death of her dear and Loving Husband* Mr. William Gilly.

SO Turtles mourne, ſo gentle Doves afflict
Themſelves left all alone! the fond relict
Spreads out its wings then cuts it ſpeedily
To ſome dark Poplar, Beech or Mulbery,
There ſits and ſighs, & whiles away the *years*
Slow progreſs, in deep ſobs & ſpeechleſs tears.
But why ſo ſad? ſay pretty one what aile
Thoſe cheeks to look ſo bleak, thoſe lips ſo pale?
Eyes glaz'd with tears? or tell me have they (ſhed
Their roſes on ſome Damſel newly dead?

What

What means this dark and ſolitary place,
Dim preface to the grave? the ſuns bright face
Seldom comes here, nor doth the pleaſant morn
Salute thee; pretty wretch why ſo forlorn?
Say is this little box the Cloyſter, Cell,
And thou the Anchorite that there doth dwel?
Bravely contriv'd, ſo gemms and pearls that lie
In ſpheares of jet, on tents of ebony
Sparkle the brighter and this Gloomy place
Is but a foil a ſhadow to your face.
But you'r in earneſt! ſo was the good dame
Of whom *Petronius* ſpeaks when firſt ſhe came
Into the vault, how haſtily ſhe lies
Down on the coffin wets it with her eyes?
Kiſſes it twenty times and by the ſtars,
Shee'd never ſee the ſun again ſhe ſwears;
And yet we know all very well how ſhe
Was tempted by the *Vigils* Courtecie.
Great paſſions Madam do not long indure
Give me reſolves! the proverb's ſoft & ſure.
Small griefs do pratle, ſhallow brooks do chide
Loud with the pebles over which they ride:
While Thames whoſe flood no ſtone or flag controles
In peace and ſilence, very ſoftly roles.
Not that I would inſtruct you how to monrn
And grieve diſcretly: every one is borne
With ſympathyes and theſe black ſubtle arts
Nature wil teach us though religion thwarts:
Only I would by all the means and wayes
Stop your fierce grief, which if this rag eſſaies
By the next time I queſtion not but you
Will hear both reaſon and religion too.

AN ELEGY and Acrostick, Upon the DEATH OF Mrs. Sarah Gilly.

1.

SNatch me a quil straight from the wing
Of some expyring Swan,
Go fetch a Lovers farewel groan,
That *eccho's* back the wounded *Mandraks moan*
Catch all the tears
That trickle from the spheares,
Then watch the shoures,
Ravish the Roses, presse the fragrant flowers;
He that thy losse would sing
Must first he fears,
Go learn wild nature and relinquish man.

2.

AWake my sleepy soul! go dwell
In some dark solitary cell,
Where neither sun nor star appear
Throughout the year;
Some vault or grave
Hung all with shade, thrice darker then
Sybillas Den,
Or swarthy *Carons* cave.
There sit and sigh and cry
Shed tears then let 'em lye,
And petrifie;
And when thou a'st nothing else to do
Gather 'em up and string 'em too;
And then with some
(Of those already shed) count those to come.

3.

RUsh on those trivial sorrows make a noise!
Poor slight and wayward things!
So Girles and Boyes
Crie for their absent toyes,
For babies, painted glasse, and braided rings,
Give me a sorrow that sinks down
Into the soul;
Genders a fever or consumption
Scorns all controle;
Those wounds that bleed within
And do not gape, and purple all the skin
Most fatal are;
To weep, and sigh, and tear
The locks, is but hypocricy I swear.

4.

AH me and is she dead! I thought
She had immortal been, but death
Had stopt her breath
And in his trap my little Goddesse caught!
She that was erst so much ador'd,
She that was wo'd with cap and knee,
Knew no such thing as an Hyperbole;
Could kill and quicken with a word,
Even she
Is dead, and was some moneths ago interr'd.

5.

HAh that mischeivous star
That rul'd and govern'd then, I said indeed
It had an envious look,
Dog dayes they call'd 'um such in truth they were,
And I was not mistook
In what I said:
Yet 'twas but just that Heaven should look down
Through clouds and frown;
When from beneath such vapours did arise
As welly dimn'd those bright and sparkling eyes;
And had not *Charles* his wain
Stept in again,
Like the proud Giants and their impious train
Wee'd put the Gods I think to a surprise.

6. Grasse

6.

GRasse never grow more on those wretched plaines
Where hasty death and pining sickneſſe reigns!
All the year long!
And every month a throng
Discend into the grave, both old and young!
Or if not so
May fatal Hemlock, sleepy poppies grow
Throughout the Shire!
May a deaths head
Crown every bed!
May Poplers, Ewes, and Cypresse trees
Plains, Beeches, shady Mulberies
Thrive there!
Brave nests for Owles, and persons in dispair!

7.

IS this to die? the wretched swain all day
Went whistling to his plow, pleasing himself
With the fond hope
Of a succedding crop,
The Gods said he,
Love honest industry,
Until the night approach and then
A vapour rises from the neighbouring fen
Spoyles all his mirth;
And he poor elfe
Sighs and complains;
So after sun shine commonly it rains,
And plenty is succeeded by a dirth;
While he that whistled anthems to the Gods
But yesterday, lies now among the clods.

8. Let

8.

LEt me but speak one word! say cruel death
Han't civil warrs,
Axes and muskits kill'd enough?
(Not to impeach the stars)
Or hath not *Cupids* bow
His thousands slain?
Cordials and Julips are invain)
That you make use of a malignant breath?
And yet I do not wonder much
At this attempt of yours, since she was such!
Such a one
No humour for to work upon
In her, and therefore you
Were fore't to use the shaft and poyson too.

9.

LOrd, is it just, that she!
Who hither came to take the air,
Should here inhumed be,
With grief and care?
Or doth it please
Death for to make our med'cine, our disease?
What if it cured some
Consuming mortals, did restore
Their strength, as heretofore,
And op't the mouth of him that was struck dumb;
If yet withall
Young persons die, and fall?
Who swo'ps consumption for a calenture,
Leaps from the pan into the fire, I'm sure.

10. Yonder

12.

YOnder she goes, and when blest soul, thou'rt come
into that place of glee,
The sweet Elyzium,
Fountain of joy, love, and felicity;
Look down from heaven, behold, how
We weep, and sigh below!
And as you go,
Smile to consider, we should thus deplore
Thee, that art ten times happier then before!
And if it may not be
A dimminution to thy happinesse,
O pitty me,
When I am in distresse,
For I have sworn to pray to none but thee:
Thou, thou,
That wert my Mistress, heretofore, shalt be my Goddesse now.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

ERRATA.

IN the Epiſtle page 3. line 15. *for* Gueſſe read gueſts In the Epiſtle to the Reader p. 2. l. 8. r. Clymacterical l. 22. for *invocare* r. *provocare*, p. 4. in the Verſes l. 10. for laſcivous r. lacivious, p. 5. l. for aery r. aiery, l. 14. for figth r. figh, p. 8. l. 23. for *Pankerits* r. *Panreas*, p. 9. l. 2. for whiſle r. whiſtle, p. 9, l. 9. thoc r. tuue. p. 12. l 18. feſooth r. forſooth, p. 15. l. 29. hart r. hard, p. 16 l. 4. reflexions r. reflections, l. 21. add diſcend, l. 29. ſtorne r. ſcorne, p. 17. l. 23. ſtooe r. ſtove, p. 18. l. 9. adeu r. adue p. 20. l. 25. ephita r. ephata. p. 26. l. 5. Trin r. Triumphs l. 13. leave out *in*, p. 29. l. 7. to r. too, p. 40. l. 8. anſt r. and, l. 15. her r. he, p. 41. l. 3. indulg r. indulge, p. 43. l. 12. Leviler r. Leviller, p. 53. l. 8. reins r. raines, p. 55. l 9. bely r. belly, p. 64. l. 15. damne r. damme.

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